

1923

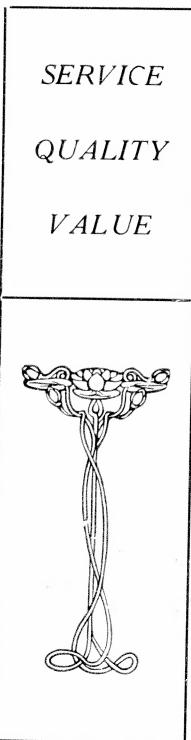
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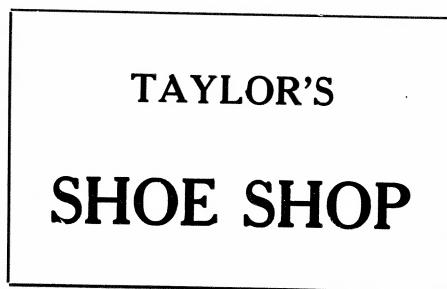
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Gladys S. Story, M.A.

In appreciation of her unselfish service

and of her friendly interest

in the students.

Foreword



Time, like an ever rolling stream, has borne another year, with all its joys and sorrows, into the Great Beyond. It has brought to us a new era in education, has opened for us a new world of opportunities. It has translated us, as it were, from the Old to the New.

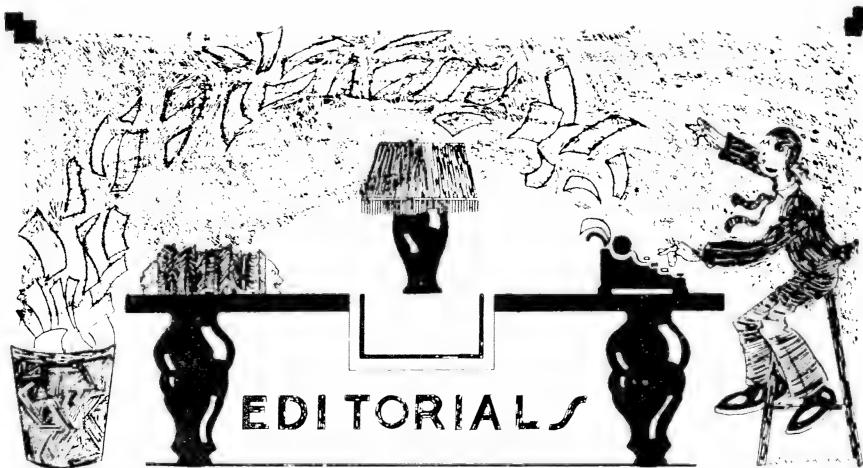
Then let us, with all respect, extend our most sincere gratitude to the administering body and to those who have made possible the erection of this beautiful school. Through the medium of this issue of "The Collegiate" let us pay tribute to the far sightedness of the Board of Education, which realized our need, and to the unselfishness of the Citizens of Sarnia who provided the funds necessary for the construction and equipment of this fine building.

Though pangs of regret may come to us who are older when memory takes us back to the "Old Collegiate", yet we rejoice in the greater opportunities given to us and to those who will come after us.

And, as we think of the old school, we think, too of the teachers we knew. We are glad to have with us the new teachers, but we cannot, nor do we wish to, forget those who have left us.

Great has been our success, during the past year, in athletics. In that branch of school life we have detracted nothing from the glory of the old "S. C. I." It must now be our endeavour to surpass the achievements of that school in literary and class work, to add to our collection of efficiency medals and to increase the number of our scholarships.

No longer do we speak of the "S. C. I." for, in the course of a year, that title has changed to "S. C. I. T. S.". We, who are the first to attend the beautiful school to which that name belongs, appreciate to the full the honour here placed upon us. Thus have we endeavoured to make this first issue of our magazine in the S. C. I. T. S. one of which every student may be proud and we hope that, in some measure, we have been successful.



As a possible help to future editors we have considered it appropriate to write a few words on the lack of support shown by the students in the production of this magazine. Much is yet to be desired both in the bulk and variety of contributions. To those who have helped us we express our thanks on behalf of the school and our personal appreciation of their assistance. To those who have failed to contribute to the magazine we present a few reasons why their co-operation is necessary.

This magazine is sent out to various schools throughout Canada and even to the old country. In this respect it is a representative of the school since it comprises the only data on which other schools can form their opinion of the Sarnia Collegiate. It is true that some of the schools of Ontario are given an opportunity of judging our athletic prowess and through an occasional debate or oratorical contest are enabled to secure added information about our school. Very few schools however, are given this opportunity and therefore, the only means that most of them have of forming a true estimate of us is by examining our magazine. A poor magazine casts a serious reflection on our ability as students. The responsibility for a poor "Collegiate" rests not however, on the Editorial Staff nor on those

who have contributed articles but on the numerous students who have written nothing.

The prevalent idea seems to be that the magazine is the medium through which the editors of the different departments express their opinions. This is a very serious mistake. The magazine is essentially the mirror and the common product of the entire student body. When many students fail to realize their responsibility and make no effort to contribute articles they are betraying the confidence which their fellow students have placed in them. It is only by a common and united endeavour on the part of all the students that a magazine which is really worthy of our school can be produced.

There are many who say that they cannot write. It is true that there are people who can express their thoughts and ideas in beautiful English without any apparent mental exertion. They are the fortunate few. Most of us find writing a labour, a joyous one perhaps, but nevertheless costing us a great deal of effort. Writing is not after all, a gift from the gods but the natural result of clear thinking and steady and persistent practice. To those who have difficulty we offer a word of encouragement and remind them that he who writes an article even if it is rejected is infinitely better than

the slacker who is content to sit back and allow some one else to shoulder his responsibility. Although the result of your efforts may be unsatisfactory, keep trying! Improvement is sure to come and we remind you again that an improvement in the quality and in the number of your contributions will result in a magazine that is worthy of our school.

THE LAUSANNE CONFERENCE

Every great war has been followed by a period of unrest, and in this respect the late war is in no way different from its predecessors. Since 1918 every country in the world has faced a reconstruction period and has had to settle the most difficult social and political problems—problems which are a direct result of that devastating fire, the Great War. So just as every great fire must give off flying sparks and leave behind a mass of glowing embers, the war of 1914 has left behind it in the countries of southern Europe a hotbed of commercial avarice, racial jealousy, and religious discontent. It was to prevent this little fire in the Near East from growing into a world wide conflagration that the Peace Conference was held at Lausanne, Switzerland, on November 20, 1922.

At this conference the western powers of Europe tried to arrive at a solution of the Near Eastern situation which would be satisfactory to all the countries involved. Representatives were present from Britain, France, Italy, Greece, Russia and Turkey, and the following questions came up for discussion:—The Turkish attempt to regain Western Thrace, the problem of the Greek minorities in Turkey, the maintenance of the "open door" in the new Turkey, and the status of the Straits. These were the main features which were embodied in a treaty which was presented by the great Powers to the representatives of the Turkish Nationalist Government. The Turks, however, saw

the possibility of a break between Britain and France and decided to wait trusting that this break would come and relieve them of the necessity of signing this treaty. At last the government of France decided that its interests would not be served by any further surrender to Turkey at the expense of Great Britain, whose support France may urgently need in the near future.

The danger was thus averted and the Turks, realizing that they were facing the combined power of Great Britain and France became willing to listen to reason. Ismet Pasha (the Turkish Generalissimo) however, by not complying with the British demand for a written pledge that Turkey will accept the treaty without further negotiations, will have broken the last hope for a settlement between Turkey and the Allies in the immediate future. Therefore, if war clouds continue to hover in the Near East, the Conference which closed on February 4, 1923, will seem to have accomplished nothing.

OUR CHAMPIONSHIP TEAMS

During the past few years this school has established an enviable record in athletics. We are proud to say that the S. C. I. Teams of the past year have more than upheld the reputation of the school. Nothing which the editorial staff of this magazine has to do gives us more pleasure than to express our appreciation of our championship teams.

At the head of our honour roll of winning teams we place the Rugby Team. What an enviable record it has set up! To few schools is given the honour of holding the Interscholastic O. R. F. U. Championship for three successive years. When we recall that the team of 1920 also won the Dominion Championship we feel quite justified in offering this recognition to our successful Rugby Teams.

Our Track Teams, too, are deserving of much praise. Last year the Junior Track Team won the

trophy for the third successive time. The Senior Track Team repeated their success of three years ago by winning the Senior Trophy. The efforts of the teams were further rewarded when two of their members succeeded in winning the Junior and Senior Individual Championships. We extend our sincere congratulations to the track teams on the able manner in which they have represented the school.

We turn now from our consideration of the boys' achievements to view with pleasure those of the girls. We are justly proud of the S. C. I. Girl's Basketball Team, first champions and cup-holders in the W.O.S.S.A. Basketball Tournament. We are pleased to observe the excellent manner in which the girls are upholding the reputation of the school in Athletics.

We are proud of these teams not only for the glory which they have won but for the excellent name for sportsmanship which their clean playing and indomitable spirit has brought to the school. We feel that we are expressing the feelings of the entire school when we wish the members of our Championship Teams the same success in the future which has attended their efforts on behalf of the S. C. I. & T. S.

THE EUROPEAN SITUATION

The world at peace but yet in turmoil is the spectacle of to-day. The wave of mistrust that swept Russia in 1918 has returned with increased force. When the Soviet government sanctioned the execution of Vicar General Butchkavitch it startled the Christian World and gave testimony of the menace of Bolshevism.

In fact every country bordering on Russia has been tainted with radicalism to a degree that is alarming. In Italy Mussolini and his black-shirted Fascisti assumed control of the nation's affairs just at a time when Bolshevism was about to ruin the country.

Turkey, not to be outdone produced The Young Turk party, another form of fanaticism that repeatedly threatens the peace of the world. In fact Mustapha Kemal Pasha is able to dictate to the great powers of Europe because England and France are at variance regarding the question of German indemnity. The powerful sway Turkey holds has resulted in the Lausanne conference deciding to settle the radical minorities of Greece and Turkey by an exchange of population, which on the face of it seems to be an experiment in socialism, because all people are reduced to a common level.

The same spirit of mistrust seems to have France in its grip. The occupation of the Ruhr has met with opposition from all countries but France insists on a full payment of the indemnity. The Frenchman is not consistent in his argument when it comes to settling up himself. In spite of the fact that France owes Britain £584,000,000 she has not paid Britain one copper in principal or interest.

The British sense of honour is not so narrow. The first instalment £830,000 of the "War debt" has been paid to the United States and arrangements have been made whereby Britain will pay America £35,000,000 annually for the next 62 years.

Such a tremendous undertaking nearly paralyzed the industrial system of Britain. It means that every Britisher must pay three quarters of his income to the state. This is the situation that is baffling the British statesmen and men of the world today. The student of to-day, who will be the man of tomorrow, must face the situation but How?

THIS ISSUE

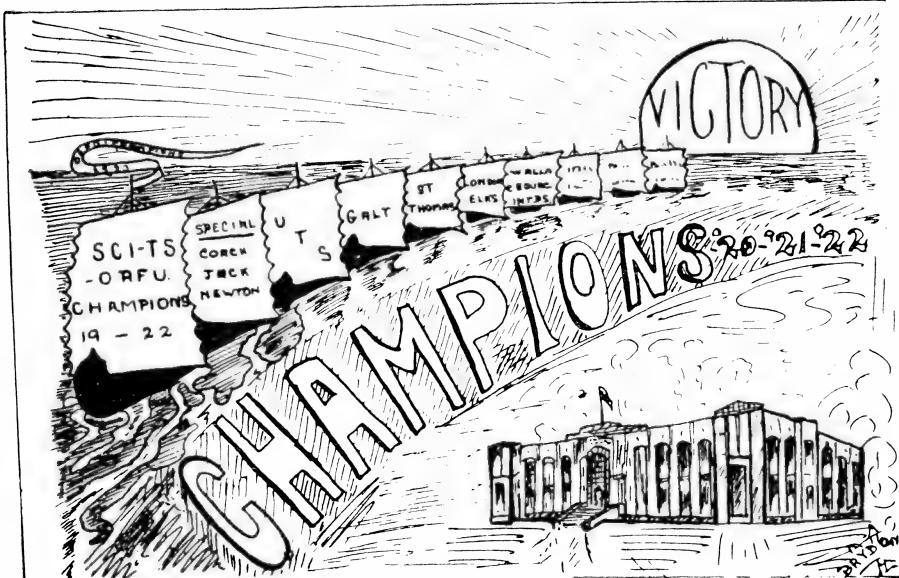
According to the constitution and by-laws of our Literary Society this magazine must be self-supporting. With all respect to the staffs of previous issues, we say that this de-

sired condition has been reached only through the wonderful support of our advertisers. During the trying war period and aftermath, when it became necessary to increase the price of our advertising space, they stood behind us, a perfect wall of strength and support.

This year they have not forgotten us. The kindness and interest, which actuated them in former years, has not abated and they are in this as in every other school activity, our strongest supporters. Therefore we request that you read every advertisement, and remember to "patronize those who have supported you!"

Much of the success of this issue of the magazine is due to the co-operation and unselfish interest of the Frontier Printing Company and we take this opportunity of acknowledging our appreciation of the efforts of Mr. Whitecombe and his staff.

Mention should also be made of the important work which the Commercial Department of the school has done for the editorial staff of this magazine. We thank you again Commercial for the generous assistance which you have given us in this and in past issues of the Collegiate.



STUDENT ACTIVITIES

THE OPENING OF THE NEW COLLEGIATE

The official opening of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School placed this city among the foremost educational centres of Ontario. On that day the students were presented with a gift of inestimable value in which they are given an opportunity of gaining knowledge in every phase of education. The pupils of the former school were continually involved in various activities but with the opportunities afforded the students of the new Collegiate the present term has already set an enviable record, and one which will be difficult to surpass by future students.

Although the pupils have been in attendance since Sept. 6 the new Collegiate was not officially opened until Friday, Oct. 27, 1922 and a very enjoyable programme was arranged for both afternoon and evening. The pupils were requested to attend the afternoon programme as the evening was reserved for the citizens. About seven hundred students were present and as many outsiders as the seating capacity of the auditorium would permit.

The first number on the programme was a selection by the school orchestra. This was followed by the singing of "O Canada" by the pupils.

The formal opening address was

given by the Rev. Mr. Hall, the chairman of the Board of Education, in which he presented the students with the gift of the Board, the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School.

An appreciation by R. Charles Brown, representing the student body was very creditably given and we feel that the opinions of every student were voiced in his speech.

Miss Winnifred Bell rendered a well-received vocal solo "My Dear Soul" which was followed by a very instructive address by Mr. F. W. Merchant, Director of Technical Education.

A violin duet by Miss Mildred Lucas and Miss Inez Misner of the Technical department was followed by an address by Mr. Overholt, Principal of the Brantford C. I., well remembered as a former principal of the Sarnia C. I.

The school orchestra then favored the assembly with a selection and the students sang the "Maple Leaf Forever."

The programme was ended by the singing of the National Anthem.

The citizens who visited the school inspected it under the guidance of the cadets.

At the evening as well as the afternoon function the orchestra and cadets took an active part as representatives of the students.

AT HOME

The annual At Home of nineteen twenty-two was as successful as any held by the students of the S.C.I. The City Hall in which it was held was beautifully decorated by some of the artists of the school and presented an inspiring spectacle to the

youthful assembly. Blue and white were the predominant colours. Streamers spread out from a large wheel in the centre of the dance hall and at one end screened off Thompson's seven piece orchestra.

About one hundred and fifty

couples swayed to the irresistible strains of music and at two o'clock the youthful feet were still unsatisfied. A collection from the boys persuaded the orchestra to continue until three o'clock when everyone

was willing to hear "Home Sweet Home."

The affair was adequately chaperoned by Principal and Mrs. C. L. Brown and Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Grant.

LITERARY SOCIETY

The Literary Society is the one organization in the school of which every student is a member. Owing to the conditions in which we found ourselves at the beginning of the term, it was rather late in the season before the first meeting was called, for the purpose of nominating the officers for the ensuing year. H. Randolph acted as chairman and the meeting was carried on with great animation. Since that time however, the meetings have been held fortnightly with a fair amount of regularity.

Owing to the size of our school it was found necessary to limit the Executive to the officers and year representatives, whereas formerly each form had been represented. The Executive had the responsibility of drawing up a new constitution as the old one was not suitable for use in the 1922-23 society.

The executive have endeavoured to foster a feeling of responsibility in every member and judging by the quality of programmes they have succeeded. For the most part the programmes are in charge of the different forms. So far the students of the second, third and commercial forms have put on programmes which have been of high order and these forms deserve much credit.

Since Christmas practically all the meetings of the society have been given over to the elimination speeches for the W.O.S.S.A. oratorical contest. The first address was on the subject "The Society of Procrastination," by L. Tremells. At the same meeting H. Randolph spoke on, "The Ruhr Valley and Its Significance," and J. Jordan on, "Ambition." At the next meeting

Marion Stirrett spoke on "Courage" and Ursula Logan on, "Canadian Immigration." At the last of these elimination meetings Elva Haney chose as her subject, "Canada and her Destiny," and C. Brown gave an interesting address on "Duties and Responsibilities of Citizenship." Interspersed among these speeches were excellent instrumental and vocal selections and some very amusing readings. The boy and girl who were successful in these eliminations were Joseph Jordan and Marion Stirrett.

Another feature of our meetings are the excellent reports which the critics have given. The students who have acted as critics have prepared splendid reports which instead of being read are given in short speeches.

During the year we have had only one outside speaker, Mr. Beatty, of the Ontario School of Art, Toronto, who gave an address on the "Practical Phase of Art." The students were greatly interested and it is to be hoped that we will have the pleasure of hearing more out-of-town speakers before the term is over. Mr. Dent also favoured us with a very interesting talk on "The Need for a Close Relationship with Nature."

The School Orchestra has contributed greatly to the meetings and we may well be proud of it. Community singing under the leadership of Mr. Brush has lent variety to several of our programmes.

The object of the Literary Society is to encourage an appreciation of art in practically all its phases,—music, oratory, elocution, and the drama. A student who is given the



EXECUTIVE OF LITERARY SOCIETY

STANDING—W. BELL, C. WOODROW, D. A. CAMPBELL, K. CLARK.
2ND ROW—M. SIMPSON, H. ELNOR, H. COREY (Pres.), H. WORKMAN, B. SIMPSON.
FIRST ROW—E. HANNA, L. HAINES, H. FRASER, C. BROWN.

honour and privilege of holding an office in the society gains a training in public work that will be invaluable to him in later life.

The officers of the 1922-23 Society are:

President—Hibbert Corey.
Vice-President—Hazel Elnor.
Secretary—Charles Brown.
Treasurer—Edward Hanna.
School Reporters—Winnifred Bell,
Charles Woodrow.

THE RUGBY BANQUET

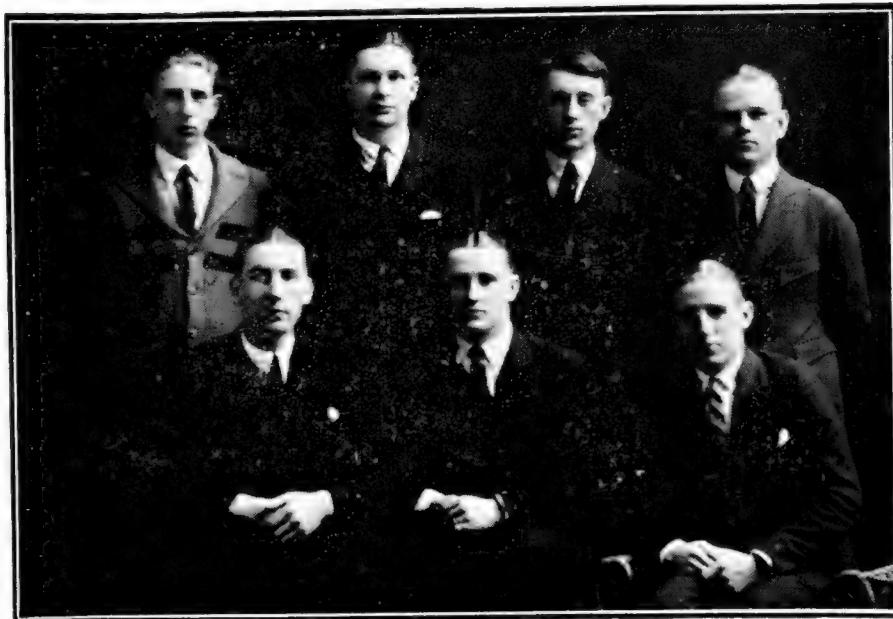
In recognition of the successful efforts of the Rugby Team the Chamber of Commerce invited the players to a banquet held in the Chamber of Commerce rooms on December twelfth. Needless to say the invitation was eagerly accepted and those who attended did full justice to the meal. Immediately following the dinner the school orchestra entertained those present with some very pleasing selections.

Captain John Richardson made a very appropriate speech, introducing the members of the team and closing with the remarks that he was sure the Chamber of Commerce would see another Championship added to the school's victories in the coming year. Some very interest-

ing speeches were given by members of the Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Brunton, chairman of the luncheon club, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Goodison and Mr. Couse, all spoke of the high standard of sportsmanship maintained by the Rugby team. Mr. Winhold, on behalf of the team expressed his appreciation of the interest the Chamber of Commerce has always taken in its efforts.

The Silent Observer could not resist the temptation of exposing himself long enough to add a few congratulations and the team was privileged to hear Senator F. F. Pardee give his view on sport in general. After a number of school yells and parodies on various songs the team attended the Imperial Theatre as the guest of Mr. Myers.

BOYS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



STANDING—J. BRYDON, E. HANNA, E. ROBINSON, C. GRACE.
SEATED—O. JOHNSON, J. RICHARDSON (President), G. SIMPSON.

The Boys' Athletic Association which has been one of the very active organizations of the school this year has a worthy executive at its head. As usual at the beginning of the year the treasurer had no trouble looking after the finance burden but membership tickets were issued and all the boys possessing twenty-five cents were forcibly invited to become members. The executive was never idle during the rugby season, being kept busy providing funds for the numerous trips which it was necessary for the team to take. Its

worries were greatly alleviated by the generosity of the business men of the city who pulled them from the financial rut with a donation of three hundred dollars.

With the aid of the G. A. A. all the responsibilities of the annual field day were ably shouldered.

The many basket-ball games held in the gymnasium have aided the finances of the association materially but such an active organization is constantly exacting large amounts from the treasury and the organization seldom feels entirely independent.

THE FRESHETTES' RECEPTION

On Friday evening, October 20th, the senior girls held the Annual reception for the Freshettes. The anticipation of this function created quite a sensation for several weeks before it finally took place. In spite of the entreaties and commands of Mr. Campbell small groups of ser-

ious seniors and excited freshettes were seen congregating in all parts of the building. At last the long looked-forward-to evening arrived and the excitement of the freshies knew no bounds. With fluttering hearts they clung to their senior escorts. However they were soon

enjoying themselves so much that they forgot their shyness and entered wholeheartedly into the fun.

The freshettes were divided into groups of twelve, each group having some special stunt to perform. These stunts were for the most part ridiculous and added much to the hilarity of the evening. One of these groups consisted of the new lady members of the staff and the wives of the new male members. Their stunts was particularly interesting to the students.

The refreshments, which of course are always important, were served about nine-thirty, and consisted of pumpkin pie and apples. and although this was a toothsome lunch it was nevertheless a messy one, as the girls who aided in cleaning the gymnasium the next morning will testify.

This reception relieved the anxiety of many seniors who were greatly worried for fear the school spirit of which we have been so justly proud in the past would be lacking in our new school.

FORM CLUBS

Each form in our new school has an English Club. This means that the English teachers are anxious that the pupils feel at once the possibility of development, through responsibility for a self governing society. One period a week in each form is devoted to the training of pupils in oral English; and the pupils are held directly responsible for the success of this work. President, Secretary, and critic are pupils, who guide, record and criticise the work of each meeting. Each pupil is expected to read the best magazines systematically for information on current literature, current history and current science. This information is then reproduced for the benefit of the whole class and, above all, for the benefit of the pupil, who is given a chance to express, clearly and correctly, the new suggestion and thoughts, which come out of the new reading. These clubs encourage pupils to take a keen interest in the intelligent discussion of the affairs of the present and to link them up with the problems of the past, which they study in ordinary class work.

The freshman year is especially organized to give every pupil an opportunity to conduct the business of the club. A new Secretary and President are appointed each club day. The other clubs appoint officers for the term. The lower school hold their meetings on Thursday morning; the other clubs meet on Friday morning. No speaker is to merely summarize an article; but is expected to read thoroughly, get ideas, and voice personal opinions. About six formal three minute speeches, a brisk criticism and four impromptus make a very satisfactory meeting.

These clubs have stood us in good stead, during the preparation for debating and oratorical contests with other schools. Each form in the middle and upper school sent representatives to the inter-form debates which were arranged for, in the Assembly hall. Each form also sent its best speakers to the inter-form oratorical contests which were part of three Literary Society meetings. The high order of every speech was a credit to the contestant's individual attention to an interest in the oral work of the form clubs.

THE GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



STANDING—F. GRACE, W. BELL, M. WATSON. SEATED—H. Elnor, L. Fraser (President),
Miss A. Oaks, H. Fraser, W. Crawford.

The G. A. A. is one of the most active organizations in the school. Perhaps one of the most important of its aims is to promote as perfect a school spirit among the girls as is possible. Now that we are in a much larger building and our numbers have increased so greatly this is of the greatest importance. To further this spirit the senior girls have already held a reception for the freshettes. At this reception, the seniors endeavoured to make the freshettes feel that they were a very important part of our school.

This association also has charge of practically all the social functions of the school, and any entertainment or play to which the public are invited is under the supervision of the G. A. A. and B. A. A.

The athletic side of the society is quite prominent. We have an excellent basket ball team which bids well to equal the last year team, which won the Western Ontario basket ball Championship. During the winter months a number of the girls, interested in out-of-door sports, have formed a hockey team and practices are faithfully held two or three times a week.

During the fall months, the campus was in no condition for the making of tennis courts. We hope however that we may have three or at least two splendid courts in the spring. We shall then be able to organize several tournaments.

So we hope that every year shall find the G. A. A. as energetic and as capable as the society of 1922-23.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP CLUB BANQUET

On December twenty-seventh the banquet of the Championship Rugby Club was held in the Patricia Café,

where those present spent a very enjoyable evening. This Club was organized by the Ontario Inter-

scholastic Champions of the O. R. F. U., 1920. This school also won the Championship the next year and the players were made members of the Championship Club. At the banquet this year each new player of the nineteen twenty-two Championship team was admitted to the Championship teams together and it was decided that the next banquet would be held in nineteen twenty-five unless next year's team brings home another championship.

After a very sumptuous dinner congratulations were extended to the successful captain John Richardson, by some of those immediately connected with the club. Among

other speakers there were, Coach Jack Newton, "Davy" Corcoran and Mr. Campbell, who complimented the team on its success. Ted Newton from McGill University gave those present some idea of the strenuous life of a rugby player at that college; Johnny Lebel from Notre Dame and Neal Gabler from Port Huron explained the game as it is played in the United States, and Stanley Teskey and Kenneth McGibbon told of their experiences on Toronto teams.

When the banquet was over those who attended went to the Imperial Theatre as the guests of Mr. Myers.

ENTERTAINING VISITING TEAMS

In the past years the Sarnia Collegiate Institute has gained an enviable reputation among the other schools of the province for its hospitality and this year has been no exception. Through the kind permission of the Board of Education, we have been allowed to hold the dances in honour of the visiting teams in the gymnasiums of the "New School." The improved facilities for entertaining helped to make these affairs very successful.

The dances were honoured by the attendance of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, and several of the teachers. The students greatly appreciate the spirit which prompted these people to give up their time in order to chaperone our dances.

The Athletic Association by its cheerful co-operation did much to make these affairs enjoyable. An innovation from past years was the procuring of an orchestra. When

dances were held in the Assembly of the "Old Collegiate," a pianist and, occasionally, a drummer, supplied the music; the difference was very marked and appreciated.

During the fall and winter terms several teams have been entertained in this manner. The first rugby game of the season was played with St. Thomas, and the dance, which was held in the evening, was most successful. The London Collegiate and the University of Toronto Schools were the other two rugby teams in whose honour dances were held. Since Christmas we have had two basketball dances. On the occasion of the visit of the Strathroy Boys' and St. Thomas Girls' Basketball Teams most enjoyable dances were held immediately following the games. The expressions of pleasure made by the visitors bear witness that S. C. I. and T. S. has lost none of the spirit of hospitality gained in the old S. C. I.

COMMENCEMENT

The annual Commencement Exercises of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School took place on Friday evening, December the twenty-first, nineteen hundred

and twenty-two. The citizens were well represented and showed their appreciation of the efforts which the students put forth to please them, by liberal applause. The Alumni as

usual occupied the front rows and if possible were more enthusiastic than ever.

The opening number on the programme was a selection by the school orchestra. The Rev. J. R. Hall acted as chairman. The chairman's remarks were very appropriate and we hope that his advice to the students will not soon be forgotten. One of the best valedictory addresses with which a commencement audience has ever been favored was given by Theodore Newton. Those who heard it now know why the W. O. S. S. A. cup for oratory adorns our school.

Following this address the medals scholarships, diplomas and certificates were presented by the members of the school-board and of the staff.

When these presentations had been made, the stage was cleared and the citizens were given the opportunity of seeing some examples of the work which is being done in our gymnasium classes. Under the able direction of Miss Oakes and Miss Scarrow, the girls danced three folk dances. The boys trained by Mr. Winhold gave an athletic exhibition that was a credit to their trainer and themselves. Interspersed among the exhibitions of gymnasium work was an excellent reading by Miss Ursula Logan and a very delightful piano solo played by Miss Vivian Norwood. An orchestral selection brought to a close one of our most successful commencement exercises.

Below is the list of students obtaining medals, diplomas and certificates.

Presented by Rev. J. R. Hall:

Carter Scholarships for Lambton County—First, value \$100, Theodore F. Newton. Third, value \$40—Keith P. Watson.

Presented by Mr. D. M. Grant:

Certificates of Distinction—Highest standing in General Proficiency in each class.

Collegiate:

- Form 5—Keith P. Watson.
- 4A—Maurice H. Brush.
- 4B—Lester A. Wemple.
- 3A—Dorothy J. Vince.
- 3B—Roy W. Hardick.
- 2A—Margaret A. Bentley.
- 2B—Dorothy E. Willson.
- 2C—Lloyd Hallam.
- 1A—Annie G. Leslie.
- 1B—R. James Burgess.
- 1C—Dorothy I. Towers.
- 1D—Myrtle J. Sweet.

Commercial:

- 3rd year—Gladys A. Luckhurst.
- 2nd year—Helen M. Ely.
- 1st year—Hilda E. Casper.

Presented by Miss Hazel Elnor:

Medals, donated by the Editorial Staff of the Collegiate Magazine.

Best Short Story—Frances M. Dier.

Best Expository Essay—Keith P. Watson.

Best Poem—Theodore F. Newton.

Presented by Mr. Harvey Uis worth:

Oratory Shield donated by the Canadian Club of London to the Western Ontario Secondary School Association, also Gold Watch donated by Sarnia Board of Education—Theodore F. Newton.

Presented by Mr. W. T. Goodison

Interscholastic Rugby Championship for Ontario. Won at Toronto on December 9th, in the finals with the Oakwood Collegiate Institute Rugby Team. Special Trophy—Cup donated by Mr. W. T. Goodison. Team—John Richardson (Capt.), Ross Hayes, Hibbert Corey, Edward Hanna, Orville Johnson, George Simpson, Charles Garyve, Arthur Brown, Charles Park, Stanley Manore, Fred Pugh, Harry Randolph, Harold Van Horne, Gleed Workman, Edward Robinson, Donald McKay, Kenneth Robinson. The Team was also presented with the Mail and Empire Interscholastic Championship Trophy for 1922.

Presented by Dr. A. N. Hayes:
Western Ontario Athletic Champ-

ionship—Senior Trophy donated by the City of London. Won by Senior Track Team at London, May 27th. Team—Edward Hanna (Capt.), Orville Johnson, Hibbert Corey, Edward Robinson, Donald McKay, Kenneth Robinson, Charles Grace, Bruce Spears, Robert Wilkinson.

Junior Trophy donated by London Chamber of Commerce. Won by Junior Track Team at London, May 27th. Team—Edward Kennedy (Capt.), George Simpson, Charles LeBel, Fred Simpson, Stanley Crompton, Delmar Dupuis, Ross Hayes.

Senior Individual Championship—Shield—Won by Orville Johnson.

Junior Individual Championship—Shield—Won by George Simpson.

FIELD DAY AWARDS

Competitions held at Sarnia on October 18th, 1922.

Form Championships:

Senior Form Championship—Shield—Form 5.

Junior Form Championship—Shield—Form 2A.

Individual championships:

Medals donated by the Board of Education:

Boys—Senior Champion—Donald McKay.

Junior Champion—Charles LeBel.

Girls—Senior Champion—Helen Fraser.

Junior Champion—Jean Needham.

INTERFORM DEBATING

The Student's talents for debating were well looked after this year. A new system of debating was introduced and carried out with the best of results. A series of debates was scheduled under the supervision of Miss Jones and held in the Assembly Hall during the Composition period of one of the two forms debating.

The pupils of the two forms participating in the debate were invited to attend and they heard some very closely contested debates. A girl and a boy were elected by the students of each form to represent them in the contest.

Besides deciding the winning forms these debates were the eliminations for the Western Ontario Secondary Schools Association Debating Contest.

On January 17 a debating team of 3A consisting of Miss Inez Nichols and L. Tremells defeated that of 4A consisting of Miss Workman and J. Jordon. The subject was "Resolved that the Canadian Government is wise in the policy of admitting only agricultural immigrants." L. Tremells and Miss Nichols were considered the two most promising debators.

On January 19 a debate, "Resolved that the Technical phase of the Secondary Schools Curriculum is in the best interests of the educational system of the Province," was held in the Assembly Hall. The affirmative was upheld by Carl Taylor of the technical department and Miss M. Crowe of the commercial, the negative by Miss B. Turner of the commercial department and Ferguson Pirrie of the technical. Those on the affirmative were the winners. Miss Crowe and Miss Turner being adjudged the best speakers.

On the same day Form 3B represented by Miss G. Turnbull and Albert Johnston and Form 4B, by Miss Elva Haney and Hampden Logan, debated on the subject, "Resolved that Government ownership of public utilities is in the best interests of the state." 4B was the successful form and Miss G. Turnbull and Miss Haney the best speakers.

On February 6, Form 5, with the negative, defeated Form 3C in a debate, "Resolved that Government ownership of public utilities is in the best interests of the state." Miss Margaret Hall and Ralph Henderson upheld the affirmative while

Miss Winnifred Crawford and Edward Cook successfully treated the negative. Miss Hall and E. Cook were considered the two best debators.

The concluding debate which had been long delayed was held on Thursday, March 7 between Form 5 and Forms 4A and 4B. Charles Brown and Charles Woodrowe of Upper School with the affirmative and Ted Kennedy of 4A and Geoffrey Brydon of 4B upholding the

negative, debated on the subject, "Resolved that compulsory military training should be instituted in Secondary Schools." The judges had some difficulty in deciding the winners but those on the negative side were finally adjudged the victors. Charles Brown and Ted Kennedy were unanimously considered the best debators and the school feels confident that these two will commendably represent it in the W.O.S.S.A. Debating Contest.

ORCHESTRA



LEFT TO RIGHT—R. FLYNN, E. McGINN, M. TAYLOR, G. GARDINER, V. SMITH, D. LAPHAM, M. LUCAS, C. GRACE, M. HULL, W. BRUSH (Director), C. REED, W. CARTER, D. MACKLIN, F. PUGH, R. DOBBINS, S. BULMAN.

Under the most capable leadership of Mr. Brush the school orchestra has surpassed any attempt previously made in that direction. The members of the orchestra practice every Monday night from 7.30 until 9.30 and have demonstrated the value of these practices at several social events held in the school.

At the opening of the Collegiate the citizens had the opportunity of hearing the musical ability of the students and some very pleasing selections were given at the Commencement exercises. They are always glad to assist in the programs of the Literary Society and their

willingness has been very much appreciated.

Mr. Fred Pugh was elected President and his efforts have done much in making the orchestra a success. By his membership in certain music clubs of Toronto we obtain the latest popular music immediately following publication.

The personnel is as follows:
Leader—Mr. Brush, Violinist.
Pianist—Miss Marguerite Hull.
Violinists—Miss Inez Misner; Miss Mildred Lucas; Miss Leila Fraser; Miss Doris Lapham; Miss Vera Smith; Gordon Gardiner; Merton

Taylor; Charles Grace; E. C. Maginn.
Cellist—Bob Flynn.
Cornetists—Fred Pugh; Wilbert

Carter; Douglas Macklin.
Horn—Mr. Dobbins.
Clarinet—Cecil Reid.
Saxaphone—Stewart Bulman.

BANQUET TO THE TRACK TEAM

On June 8, the members of the track teams of the Collegiate were invited to attend a dinner given by the Chamber of Commerce in honor of the winning of the junior and senior championships of the Western Ontario Secondary Schools Track Meet in London on May 27th.

After a very pleasing dinner their timidity vanished with the beginning of community songs and they voiced their appreciation in a number of school yells.

The teams certainly appreciated this acknowledgement of good fellowship shown by the Chamber of Commerce and were very grateful for the pictures of the teams presented to them by their hosts.

Another event greatly enjoyed by the team was the banquet which the London Chamber of Commerce tendered to the track teams of Western Ontario on May the 20th in the auditorium of the New London Collegiate.

ART LECTURE

On Monday, March the fifth, the students of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School were so fortunate as to have the opportunity of hearing an instructive address on "Art," by Mr. Beatty of the "Ontario School of Art," Toronto. The speaker was introduced by Mr. Campbell and his subject was the "Practical Phase of Art." Mr. Beatty commenced his lecture by reminding us that practically everything made by man has its foundation in drawing. For instance, our public buildings, our homes, furniture and clothes are all planned on paper before they are actually executed. He particularly stressed the necessity of studying art. By several very suitable illustrations he pointed out the value of an art training in very nearly every walk of life. Through "Art," the woman is enabled to make her home a more beautiful place in which to live. The business man makes use of Art through the medium of his place of business and his correspondence. The professional man, the dentist, the doctor, the teacher,

all find Art useful in their professions. To illustrate this point, Mr. Beatty stated that a few months ago a professor of the Toronto Dental College, approached him on the subject of teaching drawing to the dental students. The result is that Art has been added to the dental course.

Mr. Beatty also spoke on the value of the study of pictures and the influence which such a study has on one's life. He cited the example of one man whose outlook on life was completely changed by this study. From a hard-headed unromantic business man, whose sole idea on viewing a beautiful piece of woodland was the amount of money which it would "net," if it were to be cut up into timber, this man became in a few years a beauty loving naturalist who would not allow a single tree on his property to be destroyed.

Mr. Beatty's talk was much appreciated by every student who had the fortune to hear it; and we wish to thank him again for his very instructive address.

THE W. O. S. S. A. ORATORICAL CONTEST

The W. O. S. S. A. Oratorical Contest, which was held in the Assembly Hall of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School, on Friday evening, February the twenty-third, was a credit to the participants. The speeches on the whole were of high order and it was evident that much time and effort had been spent in their preparation.

Besides the orations, the programme of the evening included the remarks by the chairman, Mr. Norman Gurd; the speeches of welcome to the contestants by His Worship Mayor T. H. Cook and Mr. T. F. Towers, the chairman of the Board of Education; also several selections by our school orchestra.

The orators, their subjects and the schools which they represented are as follows:—

Maurice Andrews, from St. Thomas spoke on "Peace", his oration received the silver medal for second place. J. C. Westaway, of Woodstock College was the next speaker, his subject was the "Future of Canada". "The Place of Party Politics in Responsible Government," was dealt with by Charles Sterne of Brantford. Joseph Jordan of Sarnia chose as his subject, "Ambition." C. A. Wilson, repre-

senting Wheatley, won the gold medal with his speech on "Citizenship." Lee Begg, of Walkerville, spoke on "Democracy," and the last speech on the programme by Hugh Patterson from Rodney was entitled "Electricity."

The judges for the occasion were, Rev. J. R. Hall, Sarnia; Professor Spencely of Western University, London; and Mr. P. S. Dobson of Alma College, St. Thomas.

In the evaluation of the speeches, forty per cent. of the maximum value was awarded for style and delivery and sixty per cent for material. The style and delivery included—the platform manner, the clearness of the voice and the impression on the audience. The material was judged under the headings; choice of subject, development of theme, and arrangement and control of material as a whole.

The decision of the judges was announced by Professor Spencely. Mr. E. A. Miller, president of the W.O.S.S.A. presented the shield to Mr. Wilson of Wheatley and the Rev. J. R. Hall of Sarnia presented the gold and silver medals donated by the Sarnia Board of Education. The programme closed with an orchestral selection and the National Anthem.

Proposed Constitution of the New Society

The following Constitution and By-Laws are respectfully submitted, as a recommendation, by the committee appointed to frame a constitution for a society to encourage studies and investigations in literature and science.

CONSTITUTION

Article 1—Name

Clause 1—This society shall be called "The Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School Literary and Scientific Society."

Article 2—Purpose.

Clause 1—To promote the literary and scientific side of school life.

Clause 2—To encourage the practice of public speaking.

Clause 3—To provide instruction in the conduct of public meetings.

Clause 4—To foster the study and appreciation of the Arts.

Clause 5—To act as a medium for the review of books and current events.

Article 3—Officers

Clause 1—The officers shall consist of:

- (1) An Honorary President.
- (2) A President who shall be a student from Upper School or the Fourth year.
- (3) A Vice-President, Secretary,

Treasurer and two School Reporters; all of whom shall be chosen from students in the second year, third year, fourth year or Upper School.

(4) A school pianist shall be appointed at the first meeting of the Executive Committee, who in case of absence must see that a substitute is provided.

Article 5—Duties of Officers.

Clause 1—The Honorary President shall give an address at some meeting of the Society during his term of office.

Clause 2—

(1) The President shall preside at all meetings of the whole Society and all meetings of the Executive.

(2) He shall be an ex-officio member of all committees.

(3) He shall cast the deciding vote in the case of a tie in the regular and executive meetings of the Society.

(4) He shall instruct the Secretary to call the Executive meetings and meetings of the whole Society.

(5) He shall decide all questions of order.

(6) He shall see that the Programme Committee has the programme ready two days before the regular meeting.

(7) At the last regular meeting of the term he shall deliver his annual report in which he shall review the work done by the Society.

Clause 3—

(1) The Vice-President shall preside at the executive or regular meetings of the Society in the absence of the President.

(2) He shall attend all meetings of the Executive.

(3) He shall assist the President as much as possible in the projects of the Society.

Clause 4—

(1) The Secretary shall keep correct minutes of the meetings both of the Executive and the whole Society.

(2) He shall keep count of the names of all the nominees and the number of votes cast at all elections.

(3) He shall post all notices of executive and regular meetings at least one day before such meetings take place.

(4) He shall conduct all correspondence of the Society.

Clause 5—

(1) The Treasurer shall receive and account for all monies.

(2) He shall keep accurate accounts of all receipts and expenditures which shall be open to inspection of any member at any time.

(3) He shall pay all bills passed by the Executive Committee and shall keep all receipts.

(4) He shall make a report of the receipts and expenditures of the Society at the close of his term of office.

(5) He shall open an account in a chartered bank under the name of "The S.C.I. and T.S. Literary and Scientific Society," and deposit therein the funds of the Society from time to time as received.

Clause 6—

(1) The School reporters shall report all regular and special meetings of the Society and all school activities to the daily newspaper.

(2) If any money is received by them from the daily paper it shall go into the funds of the Society.

Article 6—Critic

Clause 1—A critic shall be appointed by acclamation at each regular meeting.

Clause 2—He shall prepare a criticism of the meeting at which he is appointed and shall read it at the following meeting.

Article 7—Amendments.

Clause 1—Any amendments to this constitution may be made by a two third's vote of the Society after notice of motion has been given at

a preceding regular meeting of the Society.

BY-LAWS

Article 1—Elections

Clause 1—The elections shall be held annually as early as possible in the fall term.

Clause 2—The nominations of the Honorary President, President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and school Reporters shall be held at the first meeting in the fall term.

Clause 3—The elections of the Honorary President, President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and School Reporters shall be decided by vote by ballot within a week of the nominations.

Clause 4—The nominations and elections of form representatives to the Executive shall be held in their respective forms as soon as possible after the nominations mentioned in Clause 2.

Clause 5—A membership ticket shall be attached to each ballot.

Article 2—Executive Committee

Clause 1—The Executive Committee shall consist of officers of the Society, the year representatives, principal of the school, and one representative of the faculty, preferably from the English department.

Clause 2—The form representatives shall consist of a boy and a girl from each form in the school.

Clause 3—The form representatives of each year of the Collegiate, Commercial and Technical Departments shall elect one from their number to represent them on the Executive Committee, this one to be called the year representative.

Clause 4—It shall arrange all programmes for the meetings.

Clause 5—The Executive Committee shall vote all monies for the various expenditures of the Society.

Clause 6—The fee for each year shall be decided at the last meeting of the Executive Committee of the preceding year.

Clause 7—A majority of the mem-

bers of the Executive Committee shall constitute a quorum.

Article 3—Special Committees

Clause 1—Special Committees may be elected by the Executive Committee to attend to any special undertaking.

Clause 2—Such Committees shall report progress to Executive Committee at stated periods and shall complete their work within a reasonable time.

Clause 3—The President of the Society shall be ex-officio member of all Committees.

Clause 4—The Principal of the School shall be ex-officio member of all Committees.

Article 4—Finance.

Clause 1—The fee shall be paid by every member before he is allowed to vote in the election of the officers.

Clause 2—All funds of the Society shall be deposited in a chartered bank under the name of S.C.I. and T. S. Literary and Scientific Society.

Clause 3—The President and Treasurer jointly are authorized to sign cheques for the payment of bills passed by the Executive Committee.

Article 5

Rules of Order for general Meetings

Clause 1—Every motion shall be seconded and read from the chair before being discussed or voted on.

Clause 2—All rules of procedure in accordance with Parliamentary Rules as outlined by Bourinot.

Clause 3—The general order of procedure in regular meetings shall be as follows:

1. Reading and disposal of Minutes.
2. Nomination of Critic.
3. Business.
4. Announcements.
5. Critic's Report.
6. Programme
7. Motion for adjournment.

Article 6—“The Collegiate” Staff

Clause 1—The Executive Committee of the Society shall decide upon the number of issues of “The Collegiate” which shall be published

in the year and shall appoint the editorial staff for each.

Clause 2—The editorial staff shall decide upon the price of its issue of the magazine.

Clause 3—The net proceeds of each issue shall be deposited in the account of the Society.

Clause 4—Life subscriptions to "The Collegiate" may be bought by

any student or alumni or any other person for the sum of ten dollars.

Clause 5—The magazine shall be self-supporting.

Article 7—Amendments

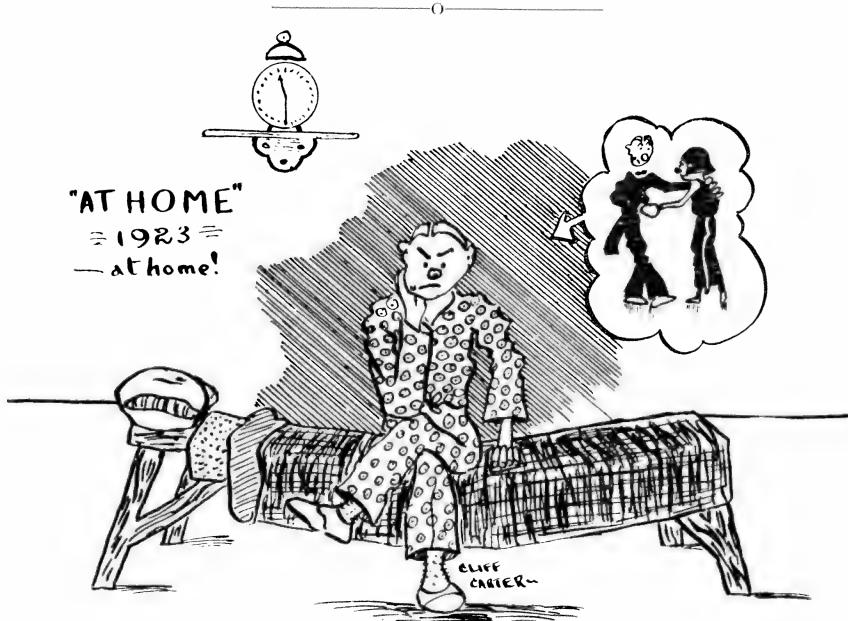
Clause 1—Any amendments to these By-Laws may be made by a two-thirds vote of the Society after notice of the motion has been given at a regular meeting of the Society.

NIGHTFALL IN THE CITY

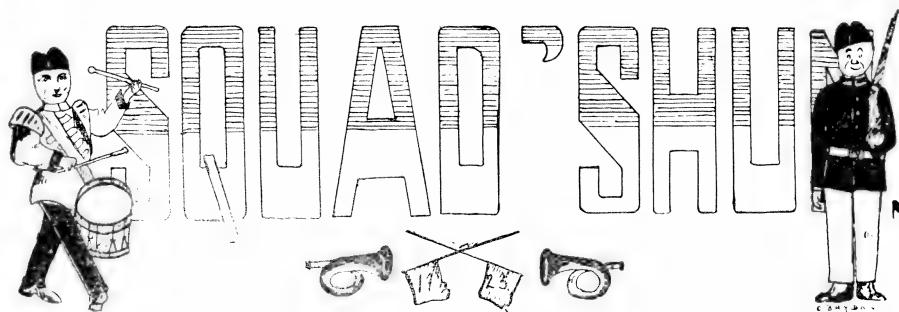
By R. G. Workman, 4A

There is an indescribable charm about the fall of night in a city which is quite apart from any other. The coming of night in the wild is just the logical conclusion of a quiet picturesque day and its beauty is chiefly in the barbaric display of colour in the sunset, casting over all, a gorgeous, lurid glow. In summer particularly the closing of the day in the city carries with it something of the ethereal and unreal, more noticeable in the suburban districts than in the roaring

avenues of trade. One is first aware of an elusive hush, as if every noise had taken a lower pitch. There is a sense of suspension, aloofness, wherein the discords of the city seem to become blended in one harmonious whole having none of the grating effect so noticeable a short time before. The chirping of the birds carries something of the loneliness which we feel deep within us and we are induced to a half-sad reverie until the half-light fades to darkness and everything once more seems ordinary and common-place.







In spite of its somewhat motley appearance due to the different uniforms worn, the Cadet Corps of nineteen twenty-two may well be complimented on the appearance it presented at Inspection. After two months of preparation under the excellent training of Mr. Winhold, the company performed the various exercises in a most commendable fashion.

Of course the lack of uniforms will ever be a handicap to the fine appearance of the boys, who, although they preferred the blue and white, hid their disappointment under smiles and gave the buttons of their khaki uniforms an extra bit of polish.

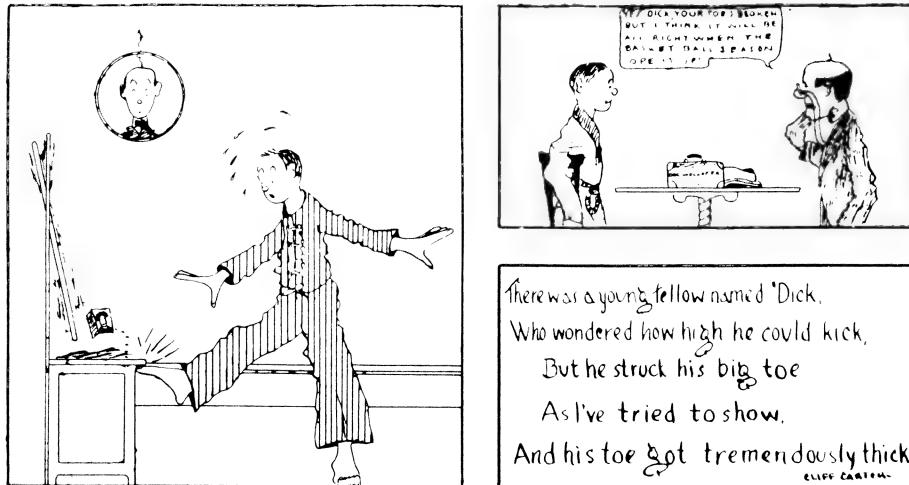
On May 10th the squad assembled at the old school at one o'clock and marched directly to the Athletic Park. The Bugle Band under Sergeant Pugh led the procession and nothing was lacking in the way of martial music during the entire length of the march. The Inspecting Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel McCrimmon, was met at the station by Principal C. L. Brown and taken directly to the Park. Here for about two hours he reviewed in succession, company, platoon and section drill with extended order work following. The squad was then drawn up for physical drill and in spite of the oppressive heat performed very creditably. To complete the inspection the Signalling Corps, composed of the younger boys who find the rifles somewhat heavy, gave an admirable demonstration of its work.

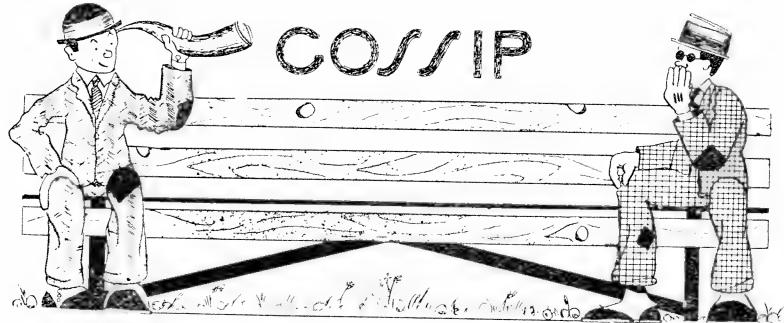
The Inspection was pronounced a complete success by Lieut.-Colonel McCrimmon who spoke very highly of the manner in which Captain Newton commanded his company and of the smart appearance it presented. Platoon commanders Hayes, Currie, Johnson and Corey and Sergeant Scott of the Signalling Corps were also complimented by the Inspecting officer on the very able manner in which they directed their own divisions.

The squad was then drawn up for the return march. They had scarcely left the Park when a veritable downpour descended from the clouds which had been accumulating all afternoon. As a result the squad resembled the "Six Hundred" more than a Cadet Corps. An enjoyable dance, however, held in the Assembly Hall that evening, for which the wet tunics were replaced by more comfortable attire, entirely made up for any inconveniences experienced during the afternoon.

This Year's Officers

Owing to the size of the nineteen twenty-three squad more officers will be needed to look after the Cadets. Hayes, who served as Lieut. last year, will be Senior Captain of this year's corps. Johnson and Corey, also Lieuts., will be the two Captains, and Woodrowe, Randolph, Richardson, Brown, Robinson, Grace, Simpson and Hanna as Lieutenants will take charge of the platoons.





What's this we hear about the fair damsel from 3A and the thin brute from Upper School wearing out the sidewalks on the east side of College Avenue?

* * * *

If you want to place a couple of boys in an embarrassing position, girls, just ask Kennedy and Woodrow how much they weigh!

* * * *

One of the most pathetic sights of the football season was Hanna buying flowers in London. What's her name, Eddie?

* * * *

Speaking of London, we would like to know why Garvie was so late getting back from the Winter Garden. Some walk, eh, Chic?

* * * *

We pride ourselves on the extent of our experience but if Ritchie would only tell us where to get that hair grease that he uses for hockey games we would be deeply indebted to him.

* * * *

Radio is a wonderful thing. Burgess has just perfected an invention by which he can transport bodies by radio. Watch your laurels, Edison!

* * * *

There may be a shortage of turkeys after Thanksgiving but there sure were plenty of "lame ducks," after that Oakwood game.

* * * *

We have been given to understand that the case of the Grand Trunk Railway versus the S. C. I. football team regarding a window broken by the defendants on the way to St. Thomas is to come up before the Supreme Court in the near future. Interesting developments are expected.

* * * *

We hear that Tommy Elliot has so perfected his marcel that it will stay in for a week.

* * * *

Our compassion was aroused by the story of a man on London Road who has been in nineteen automobile accidents. At least it was until we found out he was in training for the rugby squad.

* * * *

Ollie has them trained we must admit, but for that matter Jane isn't so slow!

* * * *

We have been asked what is the only thing that would keep "Mid" Lucas away from the "Lit." We dunno; do you?

* * * *

Manore is always doing one thing or the other—either sheiking or sleeping.

Have you heard the one about the tall lad in Technical 1B who verified the law of gravitation by walking out the double door in the wood-working room?

* * * *

We would like to know where two of the male members of the staff are wont to spend their Sunday afternoons.

* * * *

Will someone kindly tell us why Marion frequents the story hour at the library. Laying in a stock of bed-time tales, Marion?

* * * *

Who's the auburn haired Lit. critic that makes such a hit with the girls?

* * * *

One of the mysteries of Upper School is how Hayes obtained the name of "Pyjama Percy."

* * * *

According to latest information Leila Fraser has unearthed a lot of latent musical talent among the members of the basket ball team. Although Grace is conceded to be the best, they can all play "Lovin' Sam."

* * * *

Is it right that Johnson is intending to return to Wallaceburg this Fall to make a final attempt to put a drop kick over the windmill at the east end of the field?

* * * *

My I feel funny, Gee, my leg doesn't hurt at all. Look! See, I can kick—gosh! I feel funny, lets go and get some!

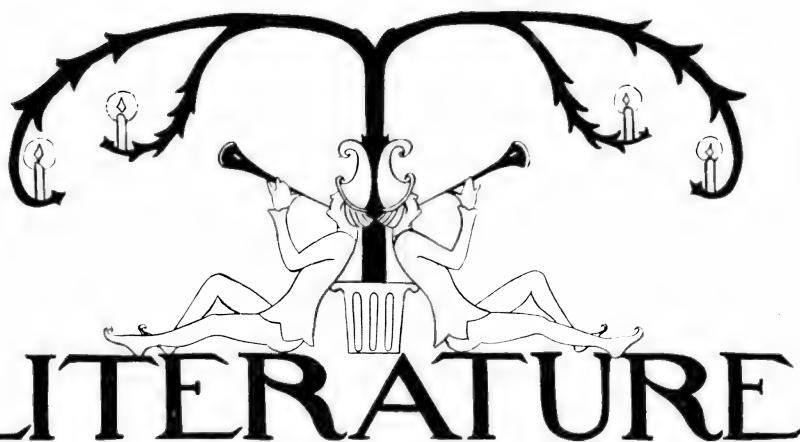
* * * *

A letter has been handed in to this office in two parts, addressed to "The only sweetheart on this earth for me." Owner may have same by identifying property and paying advertising charge.

* * * *

The other day
A journey short
Was taken down the river;
And now they say
To one young sport
"More power to your flivver!"





The committee of judges composed of Miss Jones, Miss Harris, Miss Brown, Miss Ferguson, Mrs. Urquhart and Mr. Jordan, awarded the medals offered by "The Collegiate" for Literature as follows:

Prize Story, "The Peddler's Pack"	- - - -	Jean Woodwork
Prize Essay, "My Books"	- - - -	Gleed Workman
Prize Poem, "Evening and Night"	- - - -	Cecil Spears

These medals will be presented at next Commencement.

THE PEDDLER'S PACK

By Jean Woodwork, 4A

NO ONE in the weather beaten frame house was yet stirring. The boy turned down the side path which led to the back door, smiling at the thought of being up and abroad before his friends, and vaguely conscious of the sweet dewy perfume of the climbing roses clustering along the picket fence.

Suddenly he stopped short. There was some one lying on the veranda! He stood still for a second; then cautiously approached.

A man of about forty years, dirty and unkempt lay sprawled upon the floor. His uncovered head was pillow'd on a flat, black cloth-covered box, and short, glossy, dark curls clung to the moist forehead. About his throat was knotted a soiled red handkerchief. He wore large tarnished brass earrings, one of which lay on a swarthy cheek of almost the same hue. One out-flung hand, brown and grubby, rested on a

greasy tattered cap. His lips were slightly parted, and he snored gently.

"N Eye-talian peddler," decided the boy.

He made a motion as if to awake the man,—then hesitated, thinking deeply. A twinkle came into his eyes, and a slow twisted smile began to play on his lips. He turned, and quietly proceeded to the back of the house.

An old apple tree, with conveniently low branches, hung over a "lean-to" attached to the house. Over the roof of this there looked an open window, whose white curtains stirred in the breeze. It took but a second for the boy to climb the tree, scramble over the roof, and seat himself on the sill.

He looked into a small room, meagerly furnished, but spotlessly clean. The bed, drawn close to the window was occupied by the two

boys. The elder was about twelve, long, thin, and sandy-haired. The other might be three or four years younger, a chubby youngster with a profusion of freckles and flaming red hair.

The boy on the window sill contemplated his sleeping friends silently. He grinned, and stooping, picked up the pillow which had slilt to the floor from the sandy head. The pillow, used efficiently, smothered the sleepy protest of its former occupant, and was pushed impatiently aside.

"Aw, wake up, Sandy!"

Sandy struggled to a sitting position. Still muttering angrily, he opened his eyes.

"Oh! Lo Geordie! What the dickens—"

"Sh! Taint five yet. Don't wake the other folks. Kick the kid out, an' getcher clo'es on, quick!"

Sandy, now wide awake, shook his brother vigorously. This provoking ineffectual, he proceeded to carry out his friends' instructions literally. As the boys dressed swiftly, Georgie talked in whispers. Sandy's eyes shone, and the little fellow chuckled. They scrambled down the roof, and dropped to the ground.

"Now we'll get Tiny," said Sandy in a low voice. "Here you, Red! You hike back to the stable an' get that loggin' chain hangin' just inside the door."

"Red," otherwise Donald MacLaren, ran off, and the other two entered the shed.

"Hullo, ol' Tiny! We're a-gona have some fun, ain't we, ol' fellah?" Sandy greeted.

A huge dog of indeterminate pedigree rose unsteadily to legs that were hardly able to bear the weight of his overfed body, and sleepily blinking his red eyes, received the caresses of his master. A fatter, lazier dog was never seen, but Sandy allowed no one to speak ill of his pet, who, according to him, was a full-blooded mastiff, an' a peach of a watch-dog!

Donald returned with about eight feet of heavy chain, which was fastened to Tiny's collar.

"Now!" whispered Sandy. "Gee, I bet he'll be scared!"

After Sandy had given several determined tugs at the chain, Tiny consented to move, and waddled slowly around to the front of the house. Geordie cautiously approached the Italian, shoved at his arm with a stick and abruptly retired to where his companions had taken up his position, half way between the gate and the veranda.

The peddler, thus rudely awakened, opened his eyes and stared about him. When he saw the great dog, he started to his feet, and panic-stricken, looked for a means of escape. The boys stood between him and the gate. He moved to the right, but stopped as they took a pace forward. Sandy pulled back on the chain, and the terrified Italian received the impression of a huge dog straining forward, his jaws open wide, his white fangs showing, and his red eyes gleaming hatefully. He did not know that Tiny was only yawning, extremely bored at having to move, and that those white fangs had an appetite for nothing tougher than oatmeal cakes.

"Wadda yuh mean by sleepin' on our front porch?" Sandy demanded, speaking in a very deep stern voice.

"I—I go! I go quick! Letta me go!" chattered the peddler, his eyes on the dog.

"Well—yuh better!" declared Georgie, looking darkly at the intruder. "An' look out for the dog! He's awful fierce, an' just itchin' to get at yuh!" With a covert kick he succeeded in emitting a gruff bark from Tiny. "It's a wonder he ain't broke his chain!"

The frightened alien danced one way and another. But always between him and the means of departure was the ferocious monster.

"We hafta tie him up these nights," Sandy was saying. "He's been bitin' so many tramps lately!"

Donald's eyes were wide with mischief and excitement, and his imagination was fixed to the utmost.

"You bet!" he cried, confirming his brother's statement. "He-he et one up th' other night! All up! Every bit of him! We'd never knowed he was here, only we found his boots in the morning!"

The little company advanced another pace toward the Italian. He uttered a scream, and with what might have been either a prayer or a curse in his native language, made a sweeping circle, and dodged out into the road. There he stumbled and fell in the dust. Quickly picking himself up, he set out for dear life. A short distance up the road he slackened speed and looked over his shoulder; but seeing his prosecutors standing in the middle of the road he started off again, and soon disappeared over the ridge in a cloud of dust.

The three boys looked at each other. Geordie grinned. Red chuckled. "Gee!" said Sandy shaking his head.. He unfastened the chain, and they turned back to the house.

A sound of clattering dishes, and the tread of heavy boots coming from the rear of the house, announced that John MacLaren and his wife were up, and recalled to Geordie his errand.

"Oh, I forgot." I came over here to—" He broke off in consternation. "Good-night! He's went an' forgot his pack!"

"Well—whadda yuh know about that!" Sandy, instinctively lowering his voice that it might not be heard beyond his friends, stared at the black box and the dirty cap lying on the verandah floor.

"D'yuh s'spose he'll come back fer them?"

Geordie shook his head. "Too scared."

"But what'll THEY say?" questioned Donald, nodding apprehensively toward the kitchen.

This new thought worried Sandy. "Well—he had no business on the

v'randa anyhow!" he defended. "Perhaps we shouldn't 'a'—maybe better not say anything about it just now."

"Where'll we put em? In the stable?"

"Uh-uh, they'd see us there. Besides we can't go that side o' the house 'cause if Mary ain't down yet she'd see us from her window. Le's hang 'em in the ol' well. Nobody ever looks in there."

So they carefully hung the cap and the pack on the jutting bricks inside the old unused well. As they straightened up after replacing the board cover, Geordie remembered his twice-forgotten errand.

"Say, I came over to see if you fellahs can go down to Jim Well's to-day. We can walk out, and Jim's father's comin' in with him. Huh?"

"Oh gee! That 'ud be great! We'll ask."

Gone was any lingering worry over their misdoing.

"You ask Mother first, Geordie," said Sandy, the diplomat. "An' then, Red. You generally get all your own way."

They turned hopefully toward the house, with Tiny ambling leisurely at their heels.

In the kitchen the mother of the MacLaren boys, a small, neat woman with faded light hair, stood frying bacon. Their father could be heard, noisily splashing at the wash-bench in the shed. Mary was finishing setting the breakfast table.

Mary MacLaren was a slight girl of twenty years, the same girl that her mother had been twenty-five years earlier. Her hair was waving red-gold, and her grey-blue eyes were shadowed with long light brown lashes. She looked delightfully fresh and pretty in her blue apron as her efficient hands accomplished their task with astonishing speed and neatness. She looked up as the boys entered the kitchen.

"Hello, Geordie. What have you boys been doing?"

Her question was not a dangerous once. It was not at all unusual for

her brothers and Geordie to be out an hour or so before the other members of the family were up. Sandy, however, felt some difficulty in saying, "Oh, nuthin' much."

When they presented their request to Mrs. MacLaren, she replied, "We will see what your father says."

At this moment their father entered with his face and hands dripping, "What about?" he asked, his voice muffled in the roller-towel on the door.

"George Sims has asked the boys to go out to Wells' farm for the day. I don't know, though—"

"What about the wood that's to be split?" asked the man, raising his head to look at his sons. "That was to have been done day before yesterday."

Sandy looked appealingly to his mother.

"We'll do it to-morrow, really an' truly!" coaxed Donald.

"There's enough wood for two or three days," said Mrs. MacLaren in answer to Sandy's silent plea.

Mary settled the question, half-laughingly.

"Let them go, Dad, for goodness' sakes! The Ladies' Betterment Society is to meet here this afternoon, and unless the boys are out of the way, they are sure to do something disgraceful. They always do. So let them go!"

Fifteen minutes later the three boys were trudging light heartedly along the road down which the Italian had fled in terror an hour earlier. They laughed over their prank, and then discarded the subject for the more engrossing discussion of the possible good times to come with the advancing day.

Back in the MacLaren kitchen, John MacLaren was talking with his wife and daughter over small matters of the day, as he pulled on his overalls preparatory to leaving for his work at the mill. He reached for his cap and blue drill smock, and stepped toward the door. "Oh," he said suddenly. "I was talking to

Sam Graves yesterday. He and his man will be down some time to-day to clean out the old well, and patch up the brick work. There's no reason why it shouldn't be used."

Three o'clock in the afternoon found the members of the Ladies' Betterment Society assembled in Mrs. MacLaren's immaculate parlor. The aim of the meeting was entirely forgotten by the sympathetic and horrified audience who listened to Mrs. Peter Spencer's narrative of the theft of her thimble and scissors last evening.

These were no ordinary thimble and scissors! The thimble and the handle of the scissors were of finely engraved silver, and they had come to Mrs. Spencer from her Great-aunt Eliza. It was impossible to tell how many years they had been in the family before Aunt Eliza got them. Naturally, Mrs. Spencer prized them very much, and always kept them in her black velvet bag with the jet beading.

And they had been stolen!

"Oh, Mrs. Spencer! Them heirlooms, and engraved so beautiful, too," cried Miss Sarah Judson, her nose quivering sympathetically. Miss Judson's nose always quivered, rabbit-like, but not always sympathetically.

Mrs. Spencer, genuinely distressed over her loss, could not help, however, feeling gratified at the effect of her recital on her listeners, for whom a second, or even third, hearing of the story was not the less interesting, coming as it did this time, from the person affected.

"—I had just finished settin' in the last medallins in that dresser scarf I was making for Julie Carter—that's Pete's sister's girl—and I was foldin' it up. I'd stuck the needle in the front of my waist, and the thimble and scissors an' thread was in my lap. The bag was layin' on the table. I remember just as plain. I was foldin' up the scarf when that Clifford Rudleigh from the bank comes up the lane.—"

Although Mrs. Spencer did not

noticeably stress the "that" with which she qualified the name of the new manager, it was marvellously expressive of scorn and distaste. Mary MacLaren wondered. She had thought that every one seemed to like Clifford Rudleigh.

"—Good afternoon, Mrs. Spencer," says he as he comes up on the porch. "Fine weather we're having."

"How d'you do, Mr. Rudleigh," says I. "Yes, it is a trifle warm, perhaps."

"A little" he says, an' brings a package o' papers out of his pocket. "I've brought up the papers concerning the transfer of the mortgage on the Pearson place for you and your husband to look over. Perhaps I might go over them with you."

"Oh yes," I says, "Sit down, Mr. Rudleigh."

He drew up a chair, an' we'd just begun when along comes that half-wit boy of Mattie Sloni's with the milk. I put my things on the table, and "Excuse me" Mr. Rudleigh," I says, "while I put the milk away."

"Certainly, Mrs. Spencer," says he, an' I went down cellar with the milk. I gave Bill some cookies, an' he went shamblin' off, a shakin' his head like he always does.

When we finished with the papers, Rudleigh got up, sayin', "There's no hurry, Mrs. Spencer. The deal won't be closed for two weeks, but I thought it would be well for you and Mr. Spencer to have the papers."

"Certainly," says I.

"Well, good-day, Mrs. Spencer," says he lifting his hat, an' bowin' with that air of his.

"Good-day, Mr. Rudleigh," says I, an' I watched him to the end o' the lane.

"An' then—when I turned around—my thimble an' scissors were gone!"

A hush followed Mrs. Spencer's dramatic statement, and then a chorus, "Oh, Mrs. Spencer!"

"—When I was sure I wasn't seein' things, I was that flabbergasted I had to sit down. When I sorta

come to, I started lookin'. I looked down cellar, and in the pantry, and every place I'd been. I thought they mighta rolled off the porch into the pansy beds. But I couldn't find them there—nor anywhere! I knew Mattie's boy wasn't in the habit of takin' things. It musta been Clifford Rudleigh! I never liked him from the time I just set eyes on him! I never trust a man with dark eyes!"

"Oh, now, Mrs. Spencer, I wouldn't say that!" drawled young Mrs. Tom Burke, who had accepted Tom's first attentions in the strength of his black eyes.

Mary MacLaren was almost choking with indignation. "How perfectly absurd!" she exclaimed. "Clifford Rudleigh wouldn't think—" She halted, flushed, and bit her tongue, confused by the amused eyes which the ladies turned upon her.

"Sorta give yourself away, Mary Dear, didn't you?" This time Miss Judsen's nose quivered with sly good-humour.

"Don't let him turn your head, Mary!" exclaimed Mrs. Spencer warningly. "I've seen you with him several times, an' he isn't a fit man for girls to associate with. However, I did give him the benefit of the doubt. I went over to Mattie's. Bill said he didn't take thimble an' scissors, an' he never lies. But just to make sure, Mattie searched him. He didn't have 'em, and she said he couldn't a hid 'em anywhere because he came home, an' he hadn't left the kitchen since. A body could get a pretty sum for them, being solid silver, and antiques, besides, it looks mighty suspicious! Especially when Rudleigh's away to-day! Why didn't he say anything to me about him goin' away when he was up?"

"Do you suppose that dago peddler that was around yesterday mighta took them?" asked one of the ladies.

"He couldn't have!" asserted Mrs. Spencer. "He wasn't near my place

at all, let alone the time the thimble and scissors was took. He was on this road, because he was at Mattie's just a few minutes before I went over there. He's a desper'te fellah, I guess. Mattie was buying some shoe laces an' a parin' knife off him, and when she went into the other room to get some money, he hit Bill. I think likely Bill was tryin' to rummage in his pack, which he'd set on the table, because when Mattie came back in the kitchen he was pickin' some o' the things off the floor an' stuffin' them back in the pack. But he shouldn't a' hit a poor simpleton like Bill, anyhow."

"Seth found him lying on the school-house steps last evening," said Mrs. Sheriff Harkins. "He told him to move on or he'd lock him up for vagrancy. He started out this way. I guess he'd go to Melville. Did any of you see him pass, Mrs. McLaren?"

Mrs. McLaren's reply was in the negative.

"What are you going to do about the scissors and thimble, Mrs. Spencer?" asked Mrs. Sims.

"Do! I'm going to wait till Clifford Rudleigh comes back—if he ever does! I went to Seth Harkins, an' told him what I thought. He laughed; he thinks Bill Sloan's hid them. Seth Harkin's is afraid because Rudleigh is a bank manager! I don't expect any justice from him! These men—"

"Why—Mrs. Spencer!" shielded Mrs. Harkins in indignation. "I—" "Excuse me, ladies."

Sam Graves stood in the doorway. "Excuse me, Mrs. McLaren, I knocked, but nobody seemed to hear. I found these hear things hanging' in the well."

"What-on-earth!" Mrs. McLaren stared at the articles in his hand.

"The peddler's pack!" exclaimed several who had been solicited by the Italian the day before.

Too puzzled for speech, Mrs. McLaren laid the pack on the table,

and opened it while the ladies flock'd around.

It contained, in rather untidy array, knives, buttons, whistles, cheap jewelry, shoe-laces, tape, coarse lace—

"My thimble and scissors!" cried Mrs. Spencer.

"How did they get there?"

"How did the pack happen to be in the well?"

"Wasn't it mysterious!"

Amid the excited din of questions and exclamations, some one said, "Get the sheriff!"

Miss Judson rushed out, the excited quiver of her nose having communicated itself to her whole frame.

At the gate was Sam Wells in his rickety old democrat. Beside him sat Clifford Rudleigh. George Sims and Sandy and Donald McLaren were clambering out of the back.

"Oh dear! Get the Sheriff, quick!" cried Miss Judson hysterically, and rushed back into the house.

Rudleigh jumped out of the rig in alarm.

He ran after Miss Judson. The three boys, wide-eyed and fearful, followed rather more slowly. Their misgivings of the early morning had returned.

When Clifford Rudleigh had listened to Mrs. McLaren's calm, although puzzled story, supplemented by the interjection of the excited members of the Ladies' Betterment Society, he laughed in relief.

"Lord I thought it could be nothing less than murder when Miss Judson rushed out!" he said. "That boy that brought the milk must have taken your thimble and scissors, Mrs. Spencer. I didn't pay any attention to him when you went into the house; he stared so he made me creepy. I happened to look up from the papers, and he was handling your bag. I told him he had better put it down; his hands were rather dirty. He put it down without any fuss and I went back to the papers. I never thought of him taking anything. How they found

their way to that pack is surely a mystery, though?"

The other ladies assented, but Mrs. Spencer did not readily abandon her hostile ground. She shook her head doubtfully, and her lips tightened into a severe line.

"Why!" exclaimed Mary, with sudden inspiration. "Bill was likely putting them there when he struck him. Perhaps he never noticed the thimble and scissors."

Even Mrs. Spencer could not resist this reasoning. But how did the pack get in the well?

The boys shuffled nervously. It suddenly occurred to Mrs. MacLaren that they had not spoken a word since they entered. She looked searchingly at them. In the eyes of each was a worried expression.

"Do you know anything of this, Sandy?"

Sandy confessed.

"I suppose we had better turn the pack over to the sheriff," said Mrs. MacLaren, at the end of his embarrassed recital. "The boys really should not have done it, but—" this a little reluctantly in the presence of her erring offspring—"I suppose it all happened for the best." The boy breathed freely.

"Just think, Mr. Rudleigh," simpered Mrs. Harkins, determined to avenge her insulted husband. "Kate Spencer was absolutely certain that YOU had taken her thimble and scissors."

But Mrs. Spencer, having recovered her good-nature with her lost heirlooms, and quite unembarrassed by the accusation, smiled.

"Worry makes a body suspicious, Mr. Rudleigh. But never mind, you were plenty well stuck up for, Mary here, for instance."

Clifford Rudleigh's eyes had narrowed and the line of his chin had become hard and straight. But suddenly he melted.

"Yes, Mrs. Spencer, I quite understand. I don't wonder I am much obliged to my supporters." He picked up his hat.

"Oh, Mr. Rudleigh, don't go yet," interrupted Mrs. MacLaren, "I am just going to serve tea. Won't you stay?"

"I am afraid I can't, Mrs. MacLaren, much as I'd like to. I want to get down to the bank before five. I was called away suddenly late last night on a matter of business which turned out to be of no importance at all. Mr. Wells was giving me a lift from Melville. A day away makes quite a gap in my work just now. But thanks just the same."

On his way to the door he leaned over Mary's chair, and said something in a voice so low that it was inaudible even to Miss Judson, who sat nearest, and leaned forward, her nose quivering with curiosity. Mary blushed, smiled and nodded, and with a cheery "Good-afternoon," Clifford Rudleigh left.

Sam Wells, after a rather lengthy search, found the sheriff, and the two reached the MacLaren house in time for refreshments. They listened with interest to the story, and laughed long and hearty over the practical joke played on the peddler.

"That explains it!" said Seth "I got word from Sheriff Dickson over in Melville, that there was a dago over there with a story of how he was held up an' robbed by three fellows with a perfect monster of a dog. They thought he was cracked. That explains it: Poor fellow! He'll soon get back his pack."

That evening, as Mary began to pile up the dishes left from the afternoon's entertainment, and a rather late supper, her mother said, "Never mind, Mary. I'll do them. I'm not a bit tired. Run along and change your dress." Mrs. MacLaren liked Clifford Rudleigh, although as Mary's mother, she thought him none too good for her daughter.

Clifford Rudleigh thought Mary never more beautiful than that night.

"So you defended my good name from Mrs. Spencer's vicious attacks,

eh?" he asked, as they stood at the end of the verandah, looking over the moonlight-flooded fields and orchards.

"Why Clifford! I knew—"

Mary paused, toying with the silken flowers at her girdle, as she felt the tender quizzical gaze of the brown eyes.

"Well?"

"Oh—she was so silly about it!
Besides—"

"Yes?"

There was a second's silence; then—

"Mary dear!" cried the man, seizing her hands and drawing her to him.

On this, the most memorable evening in the lives of Mary MacLaren and Clifford Rudleigh, three boys were sitting on the wood-pile at the rear of the MacLaren house.

"We've had a good time to-day, haven't we?" remarked Sandy.

"Not bad," answered Geordie, staring at the moon.

MY BOOKS

R. G. Howland, Form IV.

NO matter where I go, how widely separated I am from human society; I can always have a group of true friends about me. They are always ready to enliven a dull or lonely hour with the most interesting conversation and their advice and general information is always worth heeding.

It is true, they have their separate moods and characteristics like other friends but unlike most they never impose themselves, and yet are never unaffable. Of their constancy I am as sure as of the fact of my own life. They are always there in fortune or adversity and if sometimes I forget them to pursue some other interest they are never offended but bear with me patiently until I perceive the error of my ways and return to the enjoyment of their company. Their ready sympathy is always forthcoming for any misfortune or failure with which I may be afflicted, and in moments of success they are always an inspiration to further endeavour. In all tramps or excursions in the open, they are the jolly companions as much at home by the camp fire as in the drawing room, and in time of sickness their medicine of cheer and comfort is as strong as that of the doctor.

If viewed by any other than the eyes of affection they must assuredly present a motley appearance. Almost every nation has at least one representative among them, but though so markedly cosmopolitan a group they are united by a common bond of sincerity, truth and fixity of purpose. All are learned, whether with the learning of science and history or God and nature; yet all have that divine spark of humour, so delightful wherever found and considered by all of us the basis of true philosophy. In fact I am very exacting in this respect as I allow none lacking this gift to become members of our genial circle.

Each has his own beliefs and theories to which he tries to draw me to the disregard of the others, but it is only a friendly rivalry for interest in my welfare is at the heart of each. By showing no fixed partiality, however, I do not become narrow and none of them suffers from neglect. I often find, nevertheless that I cannot agree with many of their extreme views, but as it is beyond my power to change their attitude I must persevere let it pass over my head saving my attention for the far greater percentage of golden thoughts which they are continually passing on to me.

As a group they are remarkably broad and free from prejudice which perhaps explains their amiability though of such diverse nationality, but these few narrow conceptions among them merely serve to make them more human.

These friends, my books, are con-

stantly having their number increased by kindred spirits, whom I encounter from time to time, so that in the years to come I expect to be the centre of a worthy society which will enliven my old age with its friendly discourse and so maintain and strengthen my interest in life.

AN ALARMING REVENGE

By Winifred Mackness, S.A.

MONTAGUE'S Aunt Maria opened the screen door and stepped out onto the porch. There she stood for a moment, a tall, gauntish woman, with one hand shading her sharp eyes as she looked up and down the sunny street. There was not a living thing in sight, except Lambert's old collie across the road, who spent these pleasant July days in ambling leisurely to and fro on the warm sidewalk.

Aunt Maria raised her voice.

"Monta-gue" she called, in strident tones. She waited. And then she called again, a trifle louder, with shrill emphasis on the last syllable.

A short, plump little boy of ten years or thereabouts, appeared around the corner of the third house down the street, and slowly approached in a manner which suggested both extreme reluctance and great wariness.

"Land sakes, Montague, get a move on" commanded Aunt Maria, as she caught sight of the white bloused little boy. "My, but you're a sight. Hurry out into the kitchen and get cleaned up. We're going over the river this afternoon."

Montague stopped, his jaw dropping.

He was about to say, "Oh the dickens!" but, instead, as he noted the determination in Aunt Maria's eyes, he stammered,

"B-but, gee whiz, Aunt M'ria, I can't go to-day."

"Oh, indeed, and why not, pray?" inquired Aunt Maria with mocking sarcasm, and yet a faint curiosity in her voice.

Montague's brown cheeks reddened painfully. The sarcasm was not lost upon him.

"Why to-day, we--this afternoon, you know, is the day, we are going--is the day we are having our circus, you know."

"Oh, is that all?" laughed Aunt Maria, the sarcasm still lurking in her sharp eyes, and around her thin mouth. "Well, young man, I'm sorry--I can't say how sorry I am--that you will be obliged to cancel your engagement."

Montague grasped, after a second or two, the full import of Aunt Maria's words.

"I tell you, I can't," he repeated, but with less assurance, "You see I'm the one who has to explain everything, all the acts 'neverything. You remember me learning those pieces last night? They can't get along without me, Aunt M'ria."

"You're a mighty important person, aren't you now?" jeered Aunt Maria. "But I can't stand fooling here. You march on into the kitchen, and wash yourself, my lad."

But Montague was seemingly rooted to the sidewalk.

"What do I have to go for, anyway?" he inquired, desperately, with a kind of quiver in his voice.

Aunt Maria's expression softened a little at that.

"Well, it's Dollar Day over the river, and I want to get Charteris a new suit."

"But why don't you take Chart himself?"

"Charteris, not 'Chart,'" corrected Aunt Maria, primly. "I would take Charteris only he is not feeling well, and I let him go upstairs to lie down and, seeing that you two boys are about the same size—"

She left Montague to draw his own dismal conclusions.

"Can't you take his mezzurements?" he suggested, very hopefully.

"No, I cannot. You will have to wear the suit home, silly. Come now, don't stand there arguing. We're going to catch the two-thirty ferry, and we have only twenty minutes. I've laid out a clean blouse on the bed. So run along."

She turned and went into the house, and after a dazed minute, during which he thought wildly of running away off down the street and hiding somewhere, Montague slowly followed her, his heart full of hatred of both his Aunt Maria and his cousin Charteris. And while he washed, he vowed to himself that he would "pay them back," as soon as an opportunity presented itself. When he had dried his face, and wiped away a few of the hot tears that he could not keep back, he marched upstairs, and into the bedroom which he shared with his cousin. He did not glance at Charteris although he was well aware of his presence on the bed. In bitter silence, he put on the clean blouse, which Aunt Maria had "laid out." As he did so, he glanced at Charteris' reflection in the glass and a dark suspicion entered his mind. Charteris was not sick! No fellow could be sick with cheeks as rosy as those! Montague's bitterness increased tenfold, as he realized that Charteris was "playing sick" so that he would not have to "go over the river" with his mother. The cheat!

At that moment, Aunt Maria's voice came shrilly up the stairs,

"Are you ready up there, Montague?"

Montague paused uncertainly. Should he tell his Aunt that Charteris was just "playing sick"? No. She would not take the time to listen to him.

"Do you hear me, Montague?"

"I'm coming," Montague mumbled, turning towards the door.

An idea entered his head. If he could not enjoy the afternoon's fun, well, neither should Charteris Madison.

At the door he jerked the key from its place, and in less time than it takes to tell, he had locked the door on the outside, and had flung the key into a dark corner of the hall. Then he ran noisily down the stairs, to drown any uproar which Charteris might see fit to raise, and out onto the front porch, where Aunt Maria was waiting impatiently for him.

Together they started off down the street, Montague congratulating himself that he had partly revenged himself on his cousin, at least. Of course, he promised himself, it would not end at that. And then there was Aunt Maria to deal with, too. She must come later. His thoughts went back to Charteris. Would he find any means of getting out of the bedroom, he wondered anxiously. He might be able to attract the attention of some of the fellows, and get them to bring a ladder. Then he remembered happily that right underneath the window was Aunt Maria's choicest flower-bed in which she was raising chrysanthemums for the fall fair. Charteris would not dare—well for that matter, neither would any other boy in the neighborhood who knew Aunt Maria Madison!

By this time they had covered the short distance to the ferry-dock. The boat was already "in" and Aunt Maria hastily paid the fares, and hurried Montague across the gang-plank.

The journey across the border was uneventful.

"We'll go to Bothenwal's first, before they have sold out of those suits they were advertising," she said, when they had left the boat, and were nearing the busy shopping district.

Half an hour later, a suit had been selected, and they left the store, Montague presenting a plumper appearance than ever with the addition of an extra suit. Phew! but he was hot.

Aunt Maria hustled him into other stores, where she accumulated a startling variety of articles which were "stupendous bargains, such as had never before been offered in the history of that particular store."

At five o'clock she drew a deep breath.

"And now," she announced, briskly, "the next thing on the program is to get rid of these things. Come along."

A small warm room at the rear of the department store, was the scene of the nefarious disposal of Aunt Maria's purchases, which was accomplished by means of a quantity of safety-pins. Montague grew yet more rotund as Aunt Maria deftly added a pair of pillow cases and a flannelette nightshirt to his already generous bulk. In his trouser-legs she inserted smaller articles, a yard of tea-towelling, a half-dozen men's handkerchiefs, a dust-cap and a pair of chamoisette gloves. (Aunt Maria, by the way, had no qualms concerning smuggling).

Around her own thin form, she pinned a couple of gingham aprons, two boy's shirts and several linen centre-pieces. When she had finished, her sharp face was flushed to a deep red.

"Goodness, but it is warm in here. We're about finished I hope. But what shall I do with this alarm-clock?"

She thought for a moment, her brows knitted over her shrewd eyes, as they rested on the article in question, a small, nickel-plated alarm-

clock, which had been marked down on account of a dent in its side.

"I'll tell you what, Montague," she announced, "we'll put it into a candy bag, and fill it up with peanuts or kisses. There's no duty on candy, and if you just walk on sensible, they'll never suspect anything." By "they" Aunt Maria meant the custom's officers.

She put her plan into execution and they departed for the dock.

Montague's resentment increased as he grew warmer and warmer beneath the load he carried. By the time they had found seats on the ferry, he was perspiring at every pore. Aunt Maria, too, was flushed, and when she spoke at all, it was in short sharp tones. Presently she left him to join some friends not far off, and he heard her telling them laughingly how she had "dolled up poor Montague." And then they all looked at him with smiles on their faces, while Montague's cheeks fairly burned with anger. Soon, however, they began to talk of other things, to discuss clothes and other people's business, and Montague was forgotten.

The journey was almost over when the Bright Idea struck him. It came with such force that he fairly trembled as he considered it.

The very thing! He had not thought that he would so quickly get his revenge. He looked towards his Aunt furtively. With her back turned to him, she was deeply engrossed in conversation. Good! Montague cautiously drew the alarm-clock from the bag where it was imbedded in candy kisses. His hands shook a little. He glanced towards the shore which they were rapidly approaching. In four minutes, he thought, they must be passing the customs' offices.

Gee whiz, but he was hot! Unsteadily, he turned the hands of the alarm-clock to the desired time and then set the alarm. The passengers were starting to rise from their places. He saw his Aunt Maria rise, and nod to her friends. Good-

night! He must hurry! He shoved clock and kisses into the bag, and went forward to meet her.

"Say, Aunt M'ria, I wish you'd carry this old clock. You can look more innocent than me," he said, his heart pounding so that his words sounded a trifle thick.

"Oh, well, all right then, silly. You march on ahead."

That would suit Montague fine. He breathed a little easier.

They crossed the gang-plank, and approached the immigration offices. Montague's heart was pounding again. His arms felt weak and limp, and he felt that he could never drag himself past the blue-coated officials stationed at the doors. He strained his ears to catch the first jangling sounds of the alarm. It was surely time now, he thought. He glanced

back over his shoulder and noted that several passengers separated him from his Aunt. Then—

Br-r-r-r-r-r-r!

Montague started violently. He turned in time to see the angry bewilderment on Aunt Maria's face, and the grinning sarcasm on that of the official. There were a few sharp words on either side, and then Aunt Maria disappeared into the building.

A wide grin spread over Montague's plump countenance. The tension of the last few minutes was gone. His revenge was all that could be desired and happiness swelled up in his simple heart like a fountain. Wouldn't the fellows laugh? They would.

What cared he for the consequences? With a whoop of joy, he broke into a run, and sped homewards.

THE HALF-BREED'S REVENGE

By Nadine Patterson, 34

ALL men loved Pierre Coudette. They never questioned why, except perhaps, that at some time he had helped them, and in the north that means a very great deal.

This night he stood upon the river bank as the sun was sinking, gazing towards the mists and colors of the distant hills, and as he gazed he crooned the weird songs that the *courier du bois* sings, as he builds his camp at twilight, or sends his canoe gliding down a silver stream.

Pierre was happy, very happy for in a few days, maybe tomorrow, Nina would return from the great city. He hated the narrow streets, the huge hot buildings, and could never understand why she liked it, but she did, and Nina usually had her own way whenever Pierre was concerned.

A shout caused him to turn his head. A hundred yards upstream a canoe was speeding towards him.

One glance at the man kneeling in the stern, told the woodsman that here was another tenderfoot from the city. Why couldn't they keep out of the north, they with their carelessly built campfires, now that the forests were so dry?

"Oh I say my man!" "May I stay here all night?" The patronizing voice annoyed Coudette. "Suit yourself my frien'," said he. "There's lots of room;" and turning his back he went up the trail to his cabin. In the night he was awakened by a pounding and shouting outside his door. He recognized the voice of the previous evening. "I must have forgotten to put my fire out." "There's a blaze started and--By jove! Its getting bigger all the time."

Pierre leaped to the door, but he saw it was hopeless at the first glance. A fierce norther gale had arisen, and the flames were leaping through the tree tops, hundreds of

yards at a time. He turned with a snarl to the wretch beside him. "Get into that canoe and get out"—"quick—you—you—" But for once the big French Canadian was speechless with rage.

A few days later, a very dilapidated looking gentleman climbed into a railway carriage, bound for the outside; while behind him, a fire-demon raised by his own careless hands, roared over a devastated country; and from a nearby creek shot a canoe. In it knelt Pierre Coudette, scorched and blackened by the hot breath of the flames; coming to send a telegram to Nina. She must not come yet, until he had rebuilt their cabin, and things were settled a little.

Two weeks had passed and Pierre once more stood upon the bank of the river as the sun sank. All round him lay the ruins of his beloved forests; and from a swamp came the evening chant of the mosquitoes, but he did not seem to notice. He was thinking, deep, bitter thoughts.

It did not seem possible that Nina would never return. She was as much a part of his northland as the giant pines themselves. Yet she was gone, and life looked very empty for Pierre Coudette.

A voice that aroused faint memories broke in upon his thoughts. "Well, if it isn't that old Frenchman." It was the city man again. "I suppose you are surprised to see me back!" he continued. "I wasn't awfully anxious to come, but I had a terrible accident. Ran over an Indian girl, and had to get out for a while. It was my fault, but luckily she didn't have any friends to make trouble for me so I—Why what's the matter!" for Pierre had laughed, a wild, bitter laugh. The north had heard it many times since he had received that cruel telegram, telling of Nina's death at the hands of a

careless autoist; and when Coudette laughed like that, men who were wise avoided him.

At last he turned to the other with a peculiar light in his eyes, "Too bad about de leetle Indian girl, but don't talk about such sad ting when de night she so beautiful. Hark to the mosquito-bug, M'sieu. She sing and sing. But dere terrible dos leetle tings. One summer I fin' man who got los' in swamp where skeeter-bug live. Hes face she all swell up so don't know who he ees. Dat's horrible sight. He die 'for I get him in."

"Great Scott!" said his companion. "That's worse than those Chinese tortures, isn't it?" "Yes" said Pierre. "Dat's why I would like to give it to my enemy, if I have one—De moon she shine so bright. Come let's go for a leetle walk."

The swamp and forest glades were filled with the little singing people and they swarmed around the two in thousands.

The city man knew that Pierre could not have meant anything by his horrible story, for he had not injured the woodsman. But he was frightened. The mosquitoes were getting altogether too thick for his liking.

He had forgotten the wasted forests, and the little victim of his careless speeding. But Pierre Coudette had not forgotten.

The way grew increasingly difficult, and, whimpering with fright, he stumbled several times, and at last fell headlong into a pool of stagnant water. As he rose, he realized that he was alone, and screamed in terror. But the only sounds that answered him, were the song of the swamp people, and the bitter cruel laugh of Pierre Coudette fading in the distance.



THE WITNESS

By Agnes Manchester, 4A

THREE she stood in the very middle of the road, wild-eyed, shivering as if it were the midst of a very cold winter; staring at the mutilated body of the one with whom she had spent the greater part of her life. Her head swam and she was trembling so that it was only with the greatest difficulty that she was able to stand.

How revoltingly horrible he looked! No one would ever recognize him as he lay there, his body so distorted. It was true, she realized with a shudder, that she herself would not have known it was he, had she not seen the catastrophe. But the frightful scene was still before her eyes though she tried to tell herself it was not so.

It should never have happened. The whole thing was wrong; wrong! Her five little ones at home—what dear sweet things they all were, and so young! How he did love to play with them in the evenings! But now—now they had been robbed of the protection which should have been theirs and which they would have received had it not been for this careless truck-driver. Oh if it were only possible to bring back to life the motionless figure of her loved one!

How good and kind he had always been. He had always thought of them first and, in times of scarcity they had never been hungry although she remembered now with a pang in her heart, he might sometimes have wished for more to eat. How tirelessly he had worked to se-

cure food for them in those hard times, and remembering she realized that she had never appreciated his sacrifices as she should.

Now she would have to take his place as well as her own; be father and mother to their little ones, and it would be no small task. At last she realized that he had really carried the heavier load of responsibility and her task had been very light in comparison to his. She knew she would never be able to provide for the little ones as he had done. Yet how she longed to give them every opportunity to enable them to get a better start in life than the average. But how monstrous this task appeared now! Why had this happened?

Why had they not heard the truck coming before they started to cross the road? It was true it would have been impossible to see it at any great distance, but why hadn't they heard? Just to think—he might have been able to run back as she had done if he had not slipped and fallen in the slimy mud. If his feet had only been more sure! But they were not, and this was the result.

She looked up. The night was superb as if making mock of this disaster. The stars were brightly twinkling and in the distance, the trees formed weird silhouettes against the darkening sky.

In the distance, at their home on the meadow five little ones were awaiting their supper and the one who would never return. Realizing that her motherly care and protection was needed more than ever before, the field mouse gathered up the spilt grain and, leaving the road, hurried off over the adjacent fields to her home.

DOES PROFESSIONALISM IN ATHLETICS TEND TO LOWER THE TONE OF SPORT

Edward R. Hanna, Form V.

THE question of professionalism in Athletics is perhaps the most discussed problem in all the sporting world. Every time the newspapers announce another "star" amateur athlete has turned professional, the age-old arguments on both sides of the question are once more advanced and the weary debaters delve deeper and deeper into the subject.

There can be no doubt that athletics in all its many branches forms a very important part of our social and national life. They are a great force in developing the manhood and womanhood of the nation and their influence and value can never be estimated. Sport has its followers in every walk of life and for this reason it is one of every country's greatest democratic institutions. By followers we not only refer to those who take an active interest in sport (those who play the game themselves), but also those who are interested supporters and spectators. There are far too many people who are content only to sit back and watch the games when they would be benefitting themselves far more if they received only part of the exercise that some do out of athletics.

We have attempted to show without going into detail what a great force athletics are in our public and private life and to some it may appear as if we had wandered from our subject, but not so. Since athletics are such a force in our national life why not keep them clean, pure and free from commercialism?

In professional sport the chief object of the club owners is to provide a winning team, because such a team pays and after all to those interested it is the money that counts. The important thing is to win games and very often the motive be-

hind the winning is not the best. Professional games do not show the same spirit that characterizes amateur athletics because each player is out for himself. The more money that can be won, the more the individual performances of the players stand out and very often effective team play is lost as a result.

Perhaps the most commercialized sport in the world is professional baseball as it is played in the United States. Scandal about games being "thrown" is continually cropping up and because of this the players in many cases work under suspicion and a consequent loss to the game. Only a few years ago it was proven that the World Series baseball games were sold to gamblers by some of the players involved. As a result these players were barred from every sport and were left degraded outcasts of society. Baseball was dealt a severe blow by these few men who were willing to sacrifice their pride, self-respect and honour for the sake of a few paltry dollars. Professional athletics are subject to many forms of gambling despite the efforts that the law has put forth against this evil.

What could be sadder than a professional athlete whose playing days are over and who finds that he is forced to turn to some other livelihood than making money by physical means alone. With his brain undeveloped, he is forced to begin anew, when the best days of his life are over. The average number of years that a professional athlete can devote to sport is about ten, so unless he is a star he is unable to earn enough in that time to provide for later life. The life of a professional is a hard daily grind and a man has to have the best of condition to stand the pace of Time.

In Canada the chief professional sport is Hockey. Although large crowds attend the games there is not the interest and enthusiasm that is displayed in the many amateur series. Last winter in a game at Montreal the players became so uncontrollable that a small riot broke out which had to be quelled by the police reserves. This incident was the target for many unfavourable press dispatches and was freely quoted as "one of the blackest stains in the history of Montreal sport." Such displays of rowdyism, which are quite familiar to all professional games seldom occur in amateur contests. Professional lacrosse has been played in the Dominion for many years but the game has become so unpopular that it is practically extinct now. Professionalism all but "killed" lacrosse as a sport, but since the war the amateurs have staged a "comeback" and the game was never more popular.

Players are bought and sold by professional magnates, sometimes for prices ranging in the hundreds of thousands of dollars. To those unaccustomed to sport it seems strange that men should be traded as slaves or sold like some manufacturer's product.

What a difference there is in the sport of our day as compared to the Ancient Greek Athletics. Then professionalism was undreamed of as the men worked with all their heart to win the victor's prize of a tiny laurel wreath. Athletics were a far greater force in Ancient Grecian life than they are to-day. They were a part of their religion—a big part—and rightly so. And why were athletics a greater force than they are to-day? For the one reason that there was absolutely no taint of commercialism in any of their contests. Games were held at Nemea, Corinth, Delphi and Olympia—one every year—and Greeks from every state flocked to see the competitions. These great games fostered art, commerce, unity and peace. The body was thor-

oughly trained but not at the expense of the mind. Greek athletics have taught us much but, after all, not nearly enough. They have given us our Modern Olympic games which are fashioned after those held at Ancient Olympia and are open to all amateur athletes in the world. The Olympics to-day are one of the banner events in the sporting world, but nevertheless they are not even compared with the Ancient games which were one of the greatest moral influences in the whole civilized world.

The spirit that one puts into Athletics is, after all, that which matters most. To play one's best for the true love of the game is an experience that does not come with the same complete satisfaction to a professional as to an amateur athlete. Is there any more colourful picture than a big college football game with its thousands of cheering rooters all behind their team till the last down when the whistle announces "full time." School sports are, without doubt, the most enthusiastic games and nothing in professional athletics can compare in brilliancy, spirit or true sportsmanship. College teams are better drilled than the average club team and each and every one of the players can be relied on to give all in his power to win fairly and cleanly. One of the many reasons for the popularity of intercollegiate athletics is the strict amateur code always enforced.

Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that professionalism has come to stay—that commercialized sport can never be entirely stamped out. The brand of sport will always attract the public and in the long run the public will get what it wants. But, however, amateur sport will always dominate for the simple reason that it teaches us some of life's greatest lessons. Team-work, co-operation, perseverance, unselfishness, courage, and many other personal traits can be found in good

clean athletics. And what could do us more good than to go out into the Game of Life with that old say-

ing ever before us:

"Play up! Play up! And play the game!"

THE MAN WHO FORGOT

By J. W. Jordan, A.A.

ARRAILROAD is the loneliest place at night that I know of," remarked Jim Harwood, the man who was doing the night trick at Poplar Hill.

"It sure is," returned Engineer Pat Malone: "But you soon get used to that. How's No. 40 to-night?"

"On time, as usual," returned Harwood. "You hardly ever find Tom Moran bringing in a late run."

The telegraph instrument clattered its summons into the night. The despatcher turned, alert; then settled back again.

"Here's Stokes at Lorne reporting to Capae that she's arrived at Lorne. She stays there twenty minutes."

"The wife's gone down to Lorne tonight to bring home Mary. She has finished her schooling there now. I'm glad she's coming home. She's got the education now—and it's not every railwayman's daughter that can afford to have it. But she's all we have and she's going to have the best that's going." The engineer's face brightened in anticipation of having his daughter home.

"Yes, give them the best that there is. So they're coming home on 40, eh?"

The office was very silent for a moment. The gentle breeze sighed past the open window—and the puff of a yard engine could be heard down the track. The engineer broke the silence: "It's just two years ago to-night that Perry Brock 'balled things up' down at Capae, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, it is. I never thought about it until you mentioned it. That was a funny mixup, it seemed to me."

"Brock said at the investigation that he forgot the extra run's order. But I can't see how a man, who was as long at the job as he was, could forget so easily."

"Oh, it is easy to forget. Brock never even tried to get another job after he was fired. Just left everything and went away. Nobody's ever seen him since."

"Too bad. He was only a young man too, wasn't he?" asked the pilot.

"Oh, about twenty-eight or nine," returned the despatcher.

The office again fell silent. Both men were thinking of that night, two years ago, when a score of people had met their end; when innocent, laughing, happy people had crashed headlong in a sudden and horrible death—all because one man forgot.

The sounder clicked—waited—clicked again—clattered a long summons, and fell silent.

Harwood turned, felt for the key and drawing a pad of paper towards him, took the message.

"Train Order No. 8 cancelled. Train No. 16 to wait for train No. 40 at Melville. Order No. 10—D.S.—Am leaving now—Good-night."

"O. K. Good-night," clicked back Harwood. Turning, he said to Malone, "Your first order, No. 8 is cancelled, Pat. I'll make you out a new one. Instead of having right of way through to Lorne, you are to side track at Melville and wait for No. 40 to pass you. Then you have right of way to Lorne."

He handed Malone a sheaf of orders. Malone took them, then laid them on the table, went and got a drink at the sink and returned.

"I often wonder why they don't put a night trick on at Melville. It's twenty miles from Capac, and thirty miles from here. You know Perry Brock said that if he could have got Melville that night, it would have saved everything."

"Some time they might put a night operator there. It would simplify things a whole lot," returned the despatcher.

"Well, so long. I have to be pulling out soon." Taking the orders the engineer departed.

Harwood watched him board his engine—heard the toot-toot of the whistle, and presently only the receding red and green tail-lights blinked.

The office was lonely. Confound these night tricks, anyway! Nothing to do, everything as dead as a doornail.

He looked around. The night was very black. He dozed for awhile. Then he awoke, yawned and looked at the clock—No. 40 would just be rushing through the sleeping village Capac, 50 miles away.

The sounder clicked—stuttered—clicked again—it was his call.

He reached over and answered, "O.T.—O.T.—O.T."

It was Capac telling him that No. 40 had just passed the office, right on time. Now he would not hear from her until she reached this office.

He leaned back in his desk and put his feet up on the table. As he did so, the wind ruffled a sheaf of papers. He picked them up and glanced at them.

His feet struck the floor with a bang. On his feet, he looked again. My God—Order No. 10! Malone had taken the wrong order! He had taken Order No. 8—the cancelled order—the order which gave him right of way through to Lorne! And No. 40 was even now rushing from Lorne! God! They would meet head on somewhere between here and Capac.

Beads of sweat stood out on his brow. The only station between

was Melville. But that was only a day station. Nobody there at night! And No. 40 had passed Capac ten minutes ago.

But he had read Order No. 10 to Malone. Would Malone remember? Or would he forget? God, would he forget?

It was the end of the month. Maybe the operator at Melville would be working late. If he could only get Melville—somehow—there must be a way!

Hopelessly he rattled the key—"D.S.-D.S.-D.S.-D.S." No. answer. "D.S-D.S.-D.S.-D.S.—"

The telegraph office at Melville was sunk in inky darkness. No sound broke the stillness of the night.

At the foot of the steps, a black mass stirred—a match flared in the wind, lighting up a face, young, bearded—hair turning grey around the temples—a face haggard and tired.

The tramp pulled out a tattered timetable.

"No. 40 ought to be along soon," he muttered looking at the green glow of the switch-light down the track.

The sounder upstairs clicked loudly, making a staccato sound in the quiet surroundings.

The tramp smiled a weary smile. "Sounds like old times," he murmured. "But wait; that fellow's calling 'D. S.' and that's this station's call."

He went up the steps. The sounder still clicked "D. S.—D. S."

He paused at the locked door. The sounder stopped. He stood there, waiting.

Then slowly and methodically the instrument clicked again. The tramp's face blanched white as he spelled out the message.

"Lorne—Lorne—Turn out wrecking crew. No. 40 and No. 16 mixed up on wrong order. Due to meet somewhere between Melville and Capac. Nobody at Melville. Day station only. "Repeat to Capac."

Fear and horror showed on the

tramp's face. Faintly the sound of a locomotive whistle was borne on the breeze. It was No. 16, three miles away.

If he could stop her here and side-track her, No. 40 could pass alright!

He dashed down the stairs, caught the signalling flag from the stand and ran to the switch. Seizing the lantern, he wrapped the red flag around the glass; and ran down the track.

A headlight beamed around the curve. On, on it came—swaying, rocking—down upon the ragged figure grotesquely waving the make-shift signal.

There was a screech of brakes and the hiss of air. The train slid to a stop barely four feet from the tramp.

Conductor and brakemen ran up to the tramp. Malone got down from his cab and joined the group.

"You got wrong order," gasped the tramp, "You must side-track here—there's No. 40 coming."

Malone made a dive for the cab. "Pull that switch," he shouted. He could see No. 40's glaring headlight down the track. He pulled back the throttle, and 16 rushed upon the spur. He applied the air when he saw the signal lantern wave, and No. 40, like a black fire-eating monster, rushed by with her long string of lighted coaches.

"Thank God," he cried, "Marg and Kate are on that train!"

Back at Poplar Hill, Harwood sat with his head in his hands, while Jones, the division superintendent, paced the floor.

"Lord, but it's awful waiting to hear of the crash," muttered Harwood.

"Hereafter," said the superintendent, "We have a night operator at Melville."

The sounder clicked, "O.T.—O.T.—O.T.—" Harwood jumped to the key. Anxiously the superintendent watched the operator's hand as he wrote the message.

"Cancel order for wrecking crew, No. 16 flagged at Melville and side tracked, No. 40 passed safely. Crew No. 16 waiting for order.—Repeat—D.S."

"Well, what the----" grasped the superintendent. Harwood held up his hand. "Who's sending from Melville?" he asked. And the answer came—

"Former operator Perry Brock, now a tramp, flagged No. 16 tonight, now sending this message for me—Malone—Engineer."

Harwood threw the pad to the superintendent, who said, "Tell Brock to report for duty tomorrow night at Melville as night operator."

And a whole railroad division sighed with relief.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SEASONS

By Jean Woodwork, 4B

I SUPPOSE you think that ever since the beginning of things, this world of ours has been beautiful, that every year the Seasons have poured forth a wealth of beauty over the Earth, making it a lovely place of green trees and fragrant flowers, bright skies and glistening snows.

But this is not so. Many thousands of years ago, the earth was an exceedingly unattractive place.

Grey and unbeautiful, it stretched in unbroken monotony beneath a dull sky which always hung low, as if one might expect a thunder shower, only there were never any showers. There was never any sunshine, either. How anything grew, I do not know. The little that did grow was dull and ugly and stunted. Scattered along the barren earth were a few stark, lifeless looking trees, whose greyish leaves

hung sad and shrivelled. Search over that whole dreary earth, and not one spot of bright living colour could you find!

One would think it impossible for people to exist on such an earth. Yet there were people then, and such pitiable people you could not imagine! With pale, vacant faces, and drooping bodies, they moved slowly about their tasks, winning but little with which to sustain an existence entirely devoid of interest and cheer. They were not discontented or grumbling, for they never dreamed of anything better and accepted the grey dreariness of their lives unquestionably. But they had never felt the emotions of joy or sorrow. Even Death left them unmoved.

"But," you ask, "How did such a dismal world ever become the pleasant one we know?" Well that is my story.

Away in the Spirit World—where the Spirit World is, I am not prepared to say, but it does not matter greatly—away in the Spirit World there dwelt four very beautiful sisters whose names were Winter, Summer, Autumn and Spring.

The eldest of these sisters, Winter, was tall and stately, and very fair. If we could see her now, I have no doubt but what we should compare her with some beautiful piece of statuary. And winter was just as cold as that marble would be. Her blue eyes would have been beautiful, were it not for a steely glint which too often made them cruel and hard. Her chin was held too high, her lips were too tightly drawn, and the nostrils of her delicately cut nose were too thin and white to be expressive of love and kindness, but rather, told of entirely opposite characteristics. When Winter, with her long, heavy, ash-gold hair drawn back from her white forehead, and piled high on her haughty head, stood regarding those about her with her proudest and coldest air, it was little wonder that strangers in the Spirit World

sometimes mistook her for the Queen (which was really a great joke, for the Queen was the most unassuming little person imaginable). Winter had a way of saying harsh disagreeable things, which often cut deeply into the hearts of her sisters, who, however, admired her very much, and allowed her to order them about as much as she pleased; an advantage of which she often unkindly made the most.

The second Spirit sister was Summer. She too was very fair, but much different from Winter, and, although smaller and not so perfect in form and feature, much more attractive. There was a rosy glow in her cheek and a brightness in her golden hair which gave her a warmth that was lacking in her elder sister. Her placid blue eyes usually smiled on all about her with lazy good-nature, for Summer's weakness was a love of ease and idleness.

Autumn, the next sister, was lithe, slender, and brown skinned, with a mass of dark brown curls tumbling about her shoulders. She had red cheeks and very white teeth, gleaming between a pair of scarlet lips. Her bright hazel eyes, with little mischievous wrinkles coming and going at the corners, twinkled with merriment. She was very warm hearted, but in her love of fun, she was apt to be careless of the feelings and comfort of others.

The youngest of the four sisters was Spring. She was very small and slenderly built, even fragile looking, and little more than a child. Her black hair hung in glossy silken ringlets about a very pretty white neck. Her cheeks were the colour of the palest wild-rose you ever saw, and her lips which were, perhaps, a little longer than perfection, smiled sweetly. Her eyes were large and clear, and of the same colour as the violets that peep from the grass at the foot of the oak trees in the woods. Sometimes they were merry but they were always gentle and somewhat wistful.

Summer and Autumn thought that she was the prettiest and dearest girl there ever was, and made a great deal of her, always giving her second place on their mental lists of "Those I Love", after reserving the first place, with unconscious self-deception, for Winter, in deference to her haughty airs and superior years.

Now, these four sisters had nothing to do, and as always happens in such cases, they were very discontented. Consequently they were continually bickering among themselves. Usually Summer and Autumn would array themselves against Winter, and when Spring tried to make peace, the three would turn on her and wound her sensitive feelings, until Winter's sharp tongue became too abusive, and then Summer and Autumn would take sides with Spring.

Of course these differences were never very serious or of long duration and in their better moods, the four agreed that it was shocking for sisters to act as they did, and they would resolve never to quarrel again. But, alas for their resolutions! In an hour or so they would be at it again as grievously as ever! At last, after a great deal of serious thought, they decided that if they had something to do, and in which to be interested, they would not be so disagreeable with one another.

So they went to the King of the Spirit World, and laid their problems before him. The King of the Spirit World was a kindly, wise old man, who loved to see peace and friendship between sisters.

"You have discovered the true cause of your trouble, my daughters," he said. "And I shall find you something to do."

He led them to the great observatory at the top of the Royal Palace, and training a huge telescope on a tiny speck just visible in the sky, he bade them look. They saw only a dreary dirty-looking planet, and turned disappointed and questioningly toward the King.

"That, my children is the earth and your work will be to make it as beautiful as you possibly can," explained the King. "You will divide the year into four equal parts, and no one may take her turn until her sister's is out. But you may yourselves decide the order in which you shall work."

The four sisters returned home highly pleased, and very enthusiastic about their new work, for who would not like to create beauty?

"Of course, as I am the eldest, I shall be first," stated Winter haughtily.

"O, certainly!" agreed the others. "We shall take our turns according to our age."

"But," said Summer and Autumn, "Let little Spring be second, she is such a dear."

Spring demurred at first, but when her two unselfish sisters vigorously insisted, and Winter made some sarcastic remark concerning the "pretty pet," she gave in, rather than cause another quarrel.

As Winter made the long journey to earth by wind, (for the wind was the only means of transportation in the Spirit World), she completed her plans for the transformation of the world. She was sure that no plans of her sisters could ever surpass this one. She would take the grey out of the skies and hang them with blue. All the dreary Earth with its ugly trees and bushes, and the huts of the people, she would cover with ice and snow. And then the Sun, with whom she had previously made arrangements, would shine, not warmly enough to melt the snow, but still very brightly. And O! what a beautiful sparkling picture it would make!

Her younger sisters, eagerly watching from the King's observatory, were filled with admiration for Winter's achievements, and told themselves that they could do nothing to surpass this. But when Winter returned to the Spirit World complacently preening herself with her success and coldly suggesting

their inferior abilities, they resented her attitude and decided that the work of one of them simply must surpass that of Winter. Modest little Spring believing this impossible set out rather sadly for Earth.

She was very much surprised to find out how cold and sharp the air was as she neared her destination. As she walked shivering along the earth she passed a small hut and glancing in saw the family huddled together, half-frozen. Filled with pity for them, she hastened back to the Spirit World, and asked the Sun who was a very obliging old fellow, to shine warmly upon the people on Earth. When she saw the snow and ice melting and the ugliness coming out of the surface again she was filled with dismay, but then she had an inspiration.

Up from the ground, wherever the light feet of Spring danced, sprang green grass and pretty flowers. She touched the stunted trees and bushes, and they received new life, growing tall and graceful, and putting on green leaves and bursting buds. Spring whispered, and light winds blew, coaxing the buds into bloom. Gentle, life-bringing rains fell, and the earth blossomed into a beautiful place.

Away up in the King's observatory, Summer and Autumn watched their little sister's work, and gleefully taunted Winter with the fact that Spring was more successful than she. But Spring was not satisfied. Something was yet lacking. She pondered for a long time, and finally thought of the people. All of the beauty that lay around them was nothing to them. The pitiful vacancy in their faces had changed to even pitiful bewilderment at all the change that had taken place. Once again Spring went back to the Spirit World, and there approached Love, Intelligence, Content, Beauty, Joys, and a score of other Spirits, whom she interested in her work on the Earth.

Soon a wonderful change came over the Earth people. Babies gur-

gled happily in their cradles, children shouted at their play, and men and women smiled and sang at their work. Their drooping shoulders were straightened, a spring came into their step, and intelligence dawned in their faces. Everyone was happy and contented, enjoying to the utmost the beauty of the Earth and the joys of life. Spring was content.

She returned quietly to the Spirit world, where she was greeted with cold words from Winter and enthusiastic praise from Summer and Autumn, who could not refrain from taunting their elder sister. Winter, jealous of Spring, sniffed, and haughtily remarked, "Each to his own taste. I much prefer my own work!" Then suddenly turning on Summer, against whom she saw an opening: "And how are you going to improve this wonderful work?" "It doesn't need improvement!" returned Summer, who believed improvement almost impossible. She brought a few more bright flowers, however, and garlanded some of the trees with fruit. Then she went about the earth enjoying herself, forgetting that she must keep on with her work if she would have lasting results. So, when Autumn's turn came, the flowers were wilted and the grass was burned brown.

Autumn, with her usual fresh enthusiasm thought, "A few brilliant colours will make the Earth beautiful!" So she painted the leaves with scarlet and gold and touched the distant hills with blue and misty purple. But she too, forgot that the Earth needed constant care, and long before her turn was out, the leaves turned brown and shrivelled and dropped, the flowers and the fruit disappeared, and the sun ceased to shine, so Winter pointed triumphantly to the failure of her sisters, and when her turn came again, once more clothed the Earth with shining snow.

And now you know why the earth is beautiful, why we have four seasons, and (incidentally) why most people love the Springtime best.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

By Lovilla Kewley, A.B.

IT stood beside the great highway, where there passed day by day, year in year out, people of all races, creeds and types. It was an old-fashioned log structure, whitewashed inside and out. Ivy climbed up one side and a wild rose clambered around the porch of the little dwelling. An old fashioned flower garden made a spot of bright colour in front. Flowers there were in brilliant confusion: marigolds, poppies and pansies, all the favourites dear to old hearts. The worn path leading up to the house was bordered with stones and mosses. At the rear, a neat kitchen garden, in which grew all sorts of vegetables, bespoke the daily care given by skillful hands.

The setting sun was casting its last lingering rays through the tree tops and the low faint tinkle of a cow bell was heard in the distance, as the peace of the twilight settled over the earth. Before the door, on a low, rustic seat, hewn from logs in the days of long ago, sat an old man and woman. The man was bent and gray, yet the kindly twinkle in his eye told of a cheerful disposition. The old lady, with her white hair, blue eyes and quick movements seemed a fitting partner for him.

"I wonder, Martha, just what it would feel like to have a son, to do for, and give advice to, you know," mused the old man, as he leaned on his cane and gazed towards the west, where the sun was just dropping out of sight.

"I don't know, Hiram, but I think it would be a greater blessing than has ever come into our lives," answered his wife, with a far away look in her eyes.

As they sat there in the deepening twilight, enjoying the cool and rest of the evening after the heat and toil of the day, only the song of

the grasshopper and crickets, an occasional hoot from an owl, and the steady hum of the motors passing on the highway, before them broke the stillness. The old couple loved to sit out there at night, when they could see the lights of the cars and hear the noise of the engines, as they passed to and from the great city, to which the highway led. It seemed to bring them into closer touch with the outside world. Many of the busy travellers who daily passed were friends of the old couple. Many a weary and hungry person had found rest and food in the cool of the little, whitewash house. Many a man and woman, sick and tired at heart, had gone on with a lightened burden, after a helpful talk with old Hiram and Martha.

"Hiram, what does that noise and commotion mean down the road a piece?" inquired Martha, anxiously leaning forward and straining to hear every sound.

"It might be that there has been an accident. Did you see that automobile, which went speeding past here so fast, just a few minutes ago?" the old man answered rising quickly.

"Why, here's Jimmie Wells tearing up the path. What's gone wrong, Jimmie?" asked the old lady, all in one breath.

"Oh! Granny, oh! Grandfather Dobson! there's been an awful collision down the road. A man was going terrible fast and ran into a big truck," panted Jimmie, breathlessly, "An' the man's hurt real bad and they'd like to know if you'd take him in and take care of him for aspell. We would, only ma's not strong enough to nurse anybody."

"Why we'll do our best, Jimmie, I'll go with you now and get him fetched up to the house, and Martha,

"you get the spare bed ready," and Hiram hobbled off with the boy.

In a short time, he returned and with him were three other men, carrying a stretcher, hastily made of coats thrown over a few boards. On this improvised bed, lay a man, a very young man. His face was deathly white and he lay perfectly motionless. A slight groan came from his lips as the men placed him gently on the bed.

"Jimmie, run home as fast as your legs will take you and telephone into town for a doctor," Hiram commanded the boy, who was hovering anxiously near.

After what seemed hours to the people awaiting his coming, the doctor arrived.

"I have made a thorough examination and have found that there are no serious internal injuries, but his right leg is very seriously injured and I'm afraid it will have to come off above the knee," was the doctor's verdict, half an hour later. "He will require good care and nursing, but I am sure, he will get that here," and so saying the doctor went away.

The sun was shining brightly through the spare room window and some robins, perched on the old apple tree outside, were pouring forth their joyous praise, when Ross Jeffreys opened his eyes. Everything looked strange. He wondered where he was and how he had got there. Just then the door opened, and there stood the kindest looking old lady that he had ever seen. She came forward, smiling brightly."

"Well, how are you feeling this morning? Is your leg paining you bad?"

"No, it seems rather numb. But, tell me, where am I?" questioned the young man in a feeble voice.

"Don't you remember the accident last night? You crashed into another car, and then you were carried here," answered Martha in a quiet tone.

"Accident--when--Oh yes, I guess

I was exceeding the speed limit a bit, and then the truck—I never noticed it until it was too late."

"Well, try to forget it all now. See here, I have brought some breakfast for you. Come, try to eat a little," said she, bringing forth a tray on which were a glass of milk, a piece of toast and a poached egg.

In the afternoon the doctor's face was still serious as he examined the patient, "I'm afraid we'll have to amputate," he answered the inquiring look in Martha's eyes.

"Oh, can't you do anything doctor, he's so young and it would spoil his whole life," she pleaded.

"I'll do my best, to save the limb, of course. We'll see!" replied the doctor.

Some days later, as Ross Jeffreys sat propped up in an arm chair by the window, he told his story. His father and mother were dead. He had worked in his uncle's office in a town about forty miles away. His uncle was a just man, but rather severe, and often lost patience with his nephew's lack of business ability. A week before, the uncle had been called away for a fortnight. Then something seemed to whisper to Ross, "Now is your chance. Take the money on hand and make off with it to the great city at the end of the highway and see life."

"But didn't your uncle trust you to look after his business in his absence?" asked old Hiram, thoughtfully.

Then Martha spoke, "I just believe it all happened for the best that you had the accident and were stopped from going to the city, for, oh, dear lad, you wouldn't have been happy. You might have found t'is world a gay place for a time, but when your money was spent,—and money goes quickly in a large city,—and your guilty conscience began to chide you, then you would have been most miserable."

"Remember, lad, we are speaking to you, just as if you were our own son. Take back the money to your uncle. I think you have even more

reason to do so now and be thankful, since the doctor told me to-day, that you will be able to have full use of your limb again," finished Hiram.

* * I * *

It is the day of Ross Jeffrey's departure, his limb is almost well, but one can detect a slight limp, when he walks. He lingers at the gate to bid the old couple good-bye.

"Grandfather and Grandmother Dobson, I am more thankful, than I can say, for your kindness to me, for the last month. You have helped me to become strong physically, but best of all you have helped me spiritually. During my stay here, I have gained an altogether new

conception of life. My views were entirely wrong, but here with Nature all around, and your helpful advice, I came to see the light. Now all I ask is that you come to town with me. You must be lonely here, and I assure you that you would have every comfort in your old age."

"No, Ross, you go on your way. Make a name for yourself in the world, and don't forget the plain, honest truths, which you have learned. But let us live in our house "By the side of the Road" and be friends to those in need," answered Hiram and Martha together.

“ESPRIT DE CORPS”

H. D. Corey, Form V.

IN the magic words “esprit de corps” are found everything that is best and most desirable in school life. To those who grasp their true significance they are a talisman, an open Sesame to a successful career not only in school but throughout our future lives.

It is a spirit which must be fostered and cultivated in every large organization. How it can be engendered and developed is a problem that cannot be answered so readily, but it is true, nevertheless, that its presence is one of the most important factors in the building up of any institution. We speak with pride of that spirit which prevailed in the old S. C. I. and which carried its athletic teams on to hard-earned victories. We beseech you who are laying the foundations of student life in our new school to make “esprit de corps,” the corner stone of that foundation.

The three fundamentals which contribute most strongly to the successful cultivation of school spirit are a common past, a common present and a common future, or in

other words, a common tradition, a common life, and common ideals. If these three essentials are thoroughly grasped, the rest can be easily attained. The present student body has been afforded an enviable opportunity for establishing the right kind of common life in the school and already much good work has been done to promote a wholesome spirit of good fellowship. Our athletic teams have been well supported. An active interest has been shown in all the various societies and organizations of the school. While this is highly commendable it is not enough. We must continue our support of athletics: each of us must feel it our duty to devote our energies to the development of our societies and, any new project undertaken by the school must be given our heartiest co-operation. It is in this way only that the every day life in school will become one of our strongest aids in the establishment of a successful school spirit.

It is difficult to exactly express our meaning when we speak of common ideals since our thoughts on this subject are too often vague

and elusive; yet their influence is none the less keenly felt. These ideals of love and service, of truth and integrity are as necessary to the existence and cultivation of school spirit as are the common life or associations.

We now go back to the first essential—a common past or tradition. It is this field that is usually most sadly neglected yet it is perhaps the most important matter to be considered in the development of school spirit. The present traditions of the school are necessarily the result of thoughts and actions of students of twenty years ago. We should therefore be careful to establish only good traditions, traditions which future students will choose as their own and to which each year will add its distinctive increment.

The traditions of a school should

be thoroughly understood and believed in by every student; the history of the Collegiate, the purpose and accomplishments of the societies, and the memorable achievements of former students. If these traditions become instilled in every member of the student body the result will be greater and more intelligent enthusiasm in school endeavours and a more loyal support of school activities. The great responsibility of preserving these traditions rests upon the senior students.

It is only by living up to these traditions, by having the highest regard for the honour and interests of the school we belong to, and by endeavouring to make our school life a period of unselfish service and devoted attention to our fellow students that we can create an enduring "esprit de corps" and inspire new students with the desire to ever uphold the honour of the S. C. I.

LOVE AND DUTY

By Violet Campbell, 4B

SIMON Smith was bridgekeeper on the swing-bridge crossing the Trent River at Brighton, on the line of the Valley Northern Railroad. As the wages that he received on the line were not sufficient to support his family, he started shoe-making on a small scale. His little shop was within a few rods of the bridge.

Simon was a happy, contented man, attending to his work at the bridge faithfully, and between train times singing at his bench. His constant companion and the pride and delight of his heart was his little nine year old son, Hugo.

One bright morning in May, Simon was busy in his shop, singing as usual, keeping time with the tap of his hammer on the work at his knee. His little golden-haired Hugo was just outside the door, tying a tail on his kite, when the tele-

graph bell rang, announcing the approach of the oncoming express train.

Hugo had often closed the bridge successfully when the train was not coming and had often coaxed his father to let him perform the task when the train was really approaching. To-day he reminded his father that he was to be pointsman this time. So he rushed off to close the bridge. His father listened for every sound. He heard the wheel turn at the windlass, then the grating of the swinging bridge, but then, just when it should have fastened with a sharp click, came instead a loud cry for help, followed quickly by another cry. He was almost numb with terror, but he sprang through the door with a shout and rushed to the bridge.

Instantly, his eye caught sight of the boy. The lad's clothes had

caught in the windlass and he was hanging over the rushing current of the river. Just as the father was about to plunge into the water, he noticed that the bridge had swung loose and there, before his eyes, was the train, coming swiftly forward. Should he wait to close the bridge, or leap into the surging river to save his son? In all his life he had never experienced such a mental struggle. To let that train with its many passengers go to a watery grave, or save his boy? Suddenly the thought struck him of all the fathers and mothers, and possibly children on that train who would be torn from their loved ones if he did not save them, and the sense of duty overcame the temptation of selfishness. He sprang to the windlass, fastened the bridge, and the train was just rushing across, when he leaped into the river.

The current was so swift that it was difficult even to keep up. He had just given up hope of ever finding his boy, when a golden head appeared above the foam. Wildly he reached forward and clutched the

belt of the child's suit, but the fastener gave away and he again went down. It then seemed as if he was lost, but a strand of golden hair again appeared; this time he seized and gradually tightened his arm about the small, seemingly lifeless body. The current carried them swiftly to the bend in the river where the water fell several feet. Here he knew that all his strength would be required, so he steeled his nerves and tightened his grasp about the small body. As they dropped into the whirlpool below, they caught on a crag and soon he stood on solid rock, with the boy's limp body in his arms. Then a cry above his head made him look up and on an over-hanging precipice he saw his wife and several sailors. They threw a rope, he seized it, and with all his remaining strength hung on, till he was drawn to safety. As he laid his precious burden on the turf, and saw the colour return to the child's face, he made one great resolve that whatever came he would always do his duty and trust in Divine Providence for the results.

COURAGE

An address given by Miss Marion Stirrett of the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School at an Oratorical Contest held at Woodstock, March 2nd, 1923.

The world owes much to its men and women of courage. There are two kinds of courage, physical and moral.

Physical courage may be displayed on historic fields of action and in deeds of personal prowess which are rewarded by laurels, honours and Victoria Crosses. This type of courage commends itself to all and cannot be dismissed lightly. There is the physical courage of a high order which characterized the heroes of the late war. The appreciation of their brave conduct has dotted our country with monuments and tablets to their memory which

is a glowing tribute hard to surpass. To enter into the field of single incidents of this kind is very inviting. Our memories could recall with slight effort sufficient illustrations to stir the hearts and fire imaginations. I will content myself with bringing to your notice one example of physical courage, that to which J. M. Barrie refers, about an officer who was one of the first of our army to land at Gallipoli. He was dropped overboard to light decoys so as to deceive the Turks where the landing was to be made. He pushed a raft containing these decoys in front of him. It was a

frosty night and he swam for two hours in pitch darkness with firing going on round him. On reaching land he crawled under the scrub to listen to the conversation of the enemy who were so near to him that he could have shaken hands with any of them. He lit the decoys and swam back. Later he was awarded the Victoria Cross.

Physical courage may be displayed in every day life as well as on fields of action. A very noticeable instance of this is that of the terrible explosion at the Consumer's Gas Co. in Toronto a few weeks ago, where five men gave their lives in the hope of rescuing their fellow-workers.

If we turn from physical to moral courage, great though the triumphs of physical courage may be, there is no one who will deny that we are turning from the lower to the higher. It is moral courage that is of the higher order, the courage to seek and speak the truth, the courage to be just, the courage to be honest and the courage to do one's duty. If men and women do not possess this virtue they lack the security for the preservation of any other.

All progress in the history of our race has been made in the face of great difficulty and danger and has been achieved by men of fearlessness and valour, by literary men, discoverers, scientists, explorers, patriots, and great workers.

There is scarcely any new idea, any great truth or any important doctrine that has not required a mighty courage to face the bitter opposition and even persecution that its author had to endure before the truth of his doctrine or the value of his work was recognized by the public. Socrates was condemned to drink the cup of hemlock when he was a very old man because of his teachings. He was charged with corrupting the morals of the youth of Athens by imparting to them false ideas regarding their religion. But he had the courage to

brave all the false reports of his judges and the unreasonable fickle mob and today he is honoured by the whole world as the founder of great principles of truth.

Many great men and thinkers have been persecuted in the name of religion and science. Every one recalls Roger Bacon, the Franciscan monk, who was persecuted because of his studies in natural philosophy and science. His writings were all condemned and he was thrown into prison where he died a martyr to his cause. Nearly every expansion of knowledge that has made us better acquainted with the heavens, the earth and with ourselves has been established by the devotion, self-sacrifice and courage of the spirits of past time. The passive or serene endurance of the man or woman who for conscience' sake is found ready to suffer and endure in solitude is an exhibition of courage that exceeds any other kind. Time is lacking to enumerate the many who have laid down their lives rather than prove false to their own ideas and conscience.

The courage that is needed in the world to-day is the courage to be just, the courage to be honest, and the courage to be what we really are, rather than to pretend to be what we are not. A great deal of the unhappiness in life to-day is owing to weakness and indecision of purpose, in short to lack of courage. People know what they ought to do, but they lack the courage to do it.

The only way that the character can be strengthened is by energetic action and decision. Calling upon others for help in forming a decision is useless. We must train our own habits so as to depend on our courage in moments of emergency. Many are the purposes that find no expression except in words, many the noble deeds planned that are never executed.

Moral courage is needed to resist the corrupting influences of society. Most people are slaves of the class to which they belong and they lack

the courage of individual thought and action: we dress, we eat, we follow fashion according to our means and the requirements of our class, although we do so at a risk of debt, ruin and misery.

Very often courage is wanting in public life as well as in private life. When a man of high standard has not the courage of his own opinion, what can be expected of a man of low standard. He will simply follow such examples as are set before him and soon will be ready to speak one way and to act another. Sir John Packington says that, "Popularity in its lowest and most common sense is not worth the having. Do your duty to the best of your ability, win the approval of your own conscience, and popularity in its best and highest form is sure to follow."

It is the courageous men who lead, rule and guide the world. The weak and timid leave no trace behind them but the upright and courageous men are remembered and their thoughts, their spirit and their courage continue to be an inspiration to succeeding generations.

Men often conquer difficulties because they feel they can. Their self-reliance and courage are contagious and carry others along with them. In Tennyson's poem, "Ulysses," he says:—

*"What we are, we are
One equal temper of heroic mind,
Made weak by time and fate but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield."*

For the men who have most powerfully influenced the world have not been so much men of

Genius as men of strong convictions and enduring capacity for work, driven on by courageous, invincible and persistent determination.

It will be obvious that an enduring and courageous spirit is the greatest factor in one's character. It is a source, not only of usefulness, but of happiness in life. Fear is mean and repulsive while courage is graceful and dignified and one of the greatest qualities that any man or woman can possess.

While there are numerous instances of spiritual courage in those who may be called the brighter lights, we all know that moral courage is largely diffused throughout the whole world. There are many recorded and many unrecorded instances of moral courage exercised by devoted mothers and fathers in the upbringing of their families amid the most trying circumstances, which compare favourably with the most outstanding illustrations recorded in History and Literature.

If we are in search of a crowning proof to show the value of courage we may find it in the Book of Books. Courage there is not spoken of merely as an inspiration to man, but as a command from God. When the great leader was lost, and the responsibility of guiding a war-like nation fell upon him God exhorted Joshua "to be strong and very courageous" and this virtue of courage is as much to be demanded of people to-day as it was of the great Hebrew leader in that crisis in his nation's history.





EVENING AND NIGHT

*O'er crimson snow,
The afterglow
In streamers long and red,
Runs up the hill
To linger, till
The sun goes down to bed.*

*Jack Frost creeps out,
He's put to rout
The sun's last heatless rays.
The stars appear
To spread their cheer
To winter woodland ways.*

*And then the moon!
Its rays shall soon
Flood out the gloom with light.
In crystal air
The frost cracks clear;
'Tis now a winter's night.*

O. C. S. 5.

—O—

THE RETURN OF RUSTUM TO SEISTAN

*Home, the mighty Rustum came,
Came as ne'er had come before,
He whose fame had thrilled all men,
He whose heart was wounded, sore.*

*Was he not victorious then?
He whose head was bowed in grief;
Had he marred his great renown?
Was this then all men's belief?*

*Mighty Rustum, what is this
Carried by thy bravest men,
Borne behind thee, honoured thus
To thy home in Seistan,*

*Where Zal, thy white-haired father, waits
To share with thee thy victories won,
To hear again the tales of fame,
The praises of thy work well done?*

*"Oh, woe is me, that I should see
The dawn of such a day arise,
When I should slay my unknown child
While fighting under foreign skies."*

*Thus Rustum spoke, then kneeling down
With hands and eyes up-raised to heaven,
He called upon the great Sun-God
That he might have his sin forgiven.*

*With muffled drum and steady tread,
And drowsed eyes, they passed away
To Sistan, and buried him,
Their Lord's dear son, at close of day.*

*Behold, upon the stately mound,
A pillar huge, and carved with skill,
"Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son,
Whom his father did in ignorance kill."*

DORIS PROWSE, 3C.

FIRE

*The fire in dark untutored ages past
 Its flaming yellow head reared bright aloft
 On countless alters, and was kept undimmed
 By solemn priests with strictest care, and held
 By all in awe and fearful veneration
 By virtue of the spirit that did dwell
 From age to age within its glowing heart.
 This potent power e'en yet bewitches man
 Who sits before enchanted, care forgotten,
 And gazing into its mysterious depths,
 The magic casement opens and he sees
 Amid its livid coals and leaping tongues
 As in a burnished plate of rarest silver,
 The fond creations of the mind take form
 And dance with glee before the charmed vision.*

R. GLEED WORKMAN, 4B.

—O—

ALMA MATER VENUSTA

*Dost think, my friend, that now thou art forgot,
 The one whom every heart doth hold so dear?
 Dost think to us no more it matters aught
 Because as yet our eyes shore not a tear?
 Oh no, dear one, we love thee far too well,
 And true love never, never can forget:
 So, if to thee we seem too free to tell
 The glories of the new, O friend regret
 Not, for the very sound of thy dear name,
 Kindles our hearts and souls to nobler deeds.
 But now thou leadest others on to fame,
 A younger, lesser brood which us succeeds.
 New friends, new times, can ne'er replace the old,
 And never shall our hearts to thee grow cold.*

DOROTHY L. YOUNG, 4A.

—O—

TWILIGHT

*I sit alone in my wild bower,
 While the bells chime out the sunset hour;
 I muse of twilights long gone by
 And think how quickly sunsets die.
 The west now aglow with brilliant shades
 Will soon be grey as daylight fades,
 The bright hues vanish; they pass away,
 And leave no trace of the dying day.
 The wind now brings so gently rifting
 A flood of mists, more softly drifting;
 To twine the world in their magic webs
 To bind the light ere it outward ebbs;
 And o'er the deepening shadow swells
 The music sweet of the abbey bells;
 A message clear to a people awed,
 Floating down like the voice of God.*

L. A. HARGROVE, 4C.

—O—

DAWN

*The night is done; again the cock has given
 His triumph of the morn; the fleecy clouds—
 To north and west the golden-tinted shrouds—
 Hang softly spectre-like in yon gray heaven.
 The robin from his nesting place has flown,
 And pearly dewdrops cling to grass and trees,
 And in the fields 'mid fragrant hay, new-mown,
 The flowers are wakening, and the honey bees
 Their rest have given up, that they may better do
 Their share of Nature's work, the long day through.
 The world hath wakened now, and once more they
 Have gone about their chosen work and play,
 Soon night is here; once more as night succumbs
 It is to-day! To-morrow never comes!*

CLIFFORD CARTER, 4A.

THE GOOD LITTLE BAD LITTLE BOY

I'm six and my goilys I'm nearly a man;
 I'm going to be tough, really swear, an' cheve gum,
 'Cause I'm just as mad, just as mad as I can.
 The cop on the corner is my only chum
 'Cause he wouldn't nag me all day and all night
 An' call me a bad little boy when I'm good;
 And I tell you what, Oh I'll show 'em a fight—
 I'm going to be boss of the whole neighborhood.
 I'll dirty my face and I'll tear all my clothes
 An' maybe I'll get a black eye, and oh gee
 But wouldn't there be a fuss? I suppose
 That older folks can't understand. They don't see
 I'm a good little bad little boy.

I'm six and I'm almost a man, but just see
 What I have to wear, velvet suits, that I hate,
 If I could wear overalls then I would be
 A regular guy. And I'll tell my Aunt Kate
 That she an' the others've just got to quit
 Their kissin' 'n' huggin' or I'll tell you what
 That some day I'll fight till they'll think I've a fit.
 I'll bite and I'll kick and I'll swear. And why not?
 Its awful discouragin'; everyone laughs
 At this darned old frill round my neck. I don't see
 How folks can expect you to stand all the chaff
 And be good when decked out like an old Christmas tree.
 I'm a good little bad little boy.

I found a stray pussy left out in the snow
 One day as I went for my sled. She was cold
 An' hungry as anything, lonely, I know
 'Cause she was a-macin'. Oh gee, did they scold
 When I gave her milk by the fire? Makes me mad!
 They said she was "Mangy they hadn't a doubt,"
 'Cause she was so skinny an' yellow an' sad.
 You bet I was mad an' they'd better watch out,
 I won't wear my rubbers. I won't brush my hair,
 I'll slide down the banister, bang all the doors,
 I'm goin' to play horse in the old morris chair,
 An' roller-skate round on the darned old wax floors.
 I'm a bad little good little boy.

They don't seem to want me at home any more.
 I feel like that cat that I found. Seems to me
 They've all grown tired of me. What makes me sore
 Is Baby's a girl. Can you beat it? Oh gee,
 I can't play my drum an' I can't even sing
 Without they all scold me and hush me right up.
 The baby is sleeping. I tell you one thing
 That I sure was real glad when she had the croup.
 I try to be quiet, I honestly try,
 But doors are the peskiest things, they go bang,
 And I get the blame for it, I'd like to lie
 The pesky things up and let them go hang.
 I'm a sad little bad little boy.

I've been in disgrace for the last hour or so
 For I stole a big piece of pie meant for tea,
 Cook called me a thief for it, but do you know
 That pie it just up and beckoned to me.
 The crust was so crispy, the mince-meat so sweet,
 The smell of it made me so hungry! I say
 If people are anxious that you do not eat
 Then they should keep things that you like from your way,
 My chum is the cop on the corner an' he
 Can have all the pie that he wants. 'Tisn't fair.
 The one thing about him that I can not see
 Is how he can kiss her and she muss his hair
 I'm a good little bad little boy.

My old darky mammy's name's Sophie May Lou
 And she can tell wonderful stories 'bout ghosts,
 When I'd sit on her knee it most seemed they were true,
 When "Gabriel's trumpet was blew." And she died.
 She told me she'd join all the heavenly hosts.
 The funeral was held in the church on the hill,
 I sneaked in the gallery quiet to hide,
 I knew mammy'd not go to heaven until
 She'd heard that old trumpet, so I thought I'd try,
 Since he didn't seem to be goin' to blow,
 An' blew on my bugle a note clear an' high.
 It wasn't fair she'd have to stay here below
 Just 'cause he'd forgotten. The people were mad,
 And one woman fainted an' some others cried.
 I was cuff'd by the deacon an' dragged home to dad.
 But Sophie was happy. I'm glad that I tried
 I'm a good little bad little boy.

THE THREE CHRISTMASES

*'Tis Christmas Eve and the fireside bright,
Floods the room with its ruddy light,
And beside it sit two bright little tots
With Santa Claus uppermost in their thoughts.
Says Benny, "I hope he'll bring me a sled,
With shining runners and painted red;"
And darling Betty, like all little girls
Wished for a doll with golden curls.*

*'Tis Christmas Eve, how the years have flown!
Betty a beautiful woman has grown,
Benny, by constant work, has found
His college course with honors crowned.
They sit once more by the fireside bright,
She with her eyes full of love's glad light,
As she hears his voice whisper soft and low,
"Will you be mine?—I love you so."*

*'Tis Christmas Eve, and the fireside bright,
Floods the room with its ruddy light;
And beside it sit two bright little tots
With Santa Claus uppermost in their thoughts.
"Do you think, dear daddy, that Santa will come
And bring us a dolly, a sled, and a drum?"
And the childish question set their hearts aglow
As they thought of that Christmas so long ago.*

GORDON GARDINER, FORM V.

MARCH! 'TIS THE YEAR'S FANTASTIC NONDESCRIPT

*March! 'tis the year's fantastic nondescript,
The month of all the year that's full of sham
It comes upon us like the lion or lamb,
One day it's warm, the next our ears are nipp'd.
But how we'd miss this March both warm and cold,
This month of wind and hail and sleet and rain!
We think it's Spring for sure—then snow again,
When will old Sol drive Winter to its fold?
The streets are wet but that does not prevent
The ruffle of new silks, that represent
A fashion shore of gorgeous green and blue
And red and purple—almost every hue.
And human kind is rivalling, it seems,
Spring, ever tardy with her colour schemes.*

F. C. CARTER.

THE STRAY FRENCH CAT

*Hullo! pretty pussy-cat,
What yer doin' here?
Guess yer sure feel out of place,
Likewise mighty queer.
As I hear you purrin',
Makin' quite a noise,
Makes me sort o' homesick
For domestic joys.*

*Seem to see yer by the hearth
Toasting of yer feet,
Kind o' peaceful picture like,
That sure can't be beat.
Ain't got no gas helmet?
Taking quite a chance!
Nine lives come in handy
Right out here in France.*

*Bless yer dear old whiskers,
They're a cheering sight,
And yer frayed old tabby coat,
Part of it was white!
How d'yer like the trench rats?
Pretty tough, I guess:
Well I'm glad to see yer,
That much I'll confess.*

*Are yer going pussy?
If yer must, yer must,
It ain't any use at all
Kicking up a dust.
Call again when passing,
Always welcome here!
Don't trip on the bath mat,
Cheerio, old dear!*

E. C. MAGINN, P. R. B.

NIGHTFALL.

*Soft shadowy sift through fading light,
And day is marked by coming night,
While winds waft down a soft sweet bay,
Screaming gulls glide low across the bay.*

*The sun sinks down behind a cloud,
Its golden glow a mystic shroud,
Its quivering path a silvery trail
Lighting the white of a distant sail.*

*Majestic mountains sweep the bend
And beauty to the waters lend.
The air is filled with unnamed song
Following my trail as I pass along.*

*While dreaming golden dreams I float,
The fleecy clouds my silver boat.
A rift unveils the moon above
Shedding its light on the scenes I love.*

FRANCES CLARK, 1C.

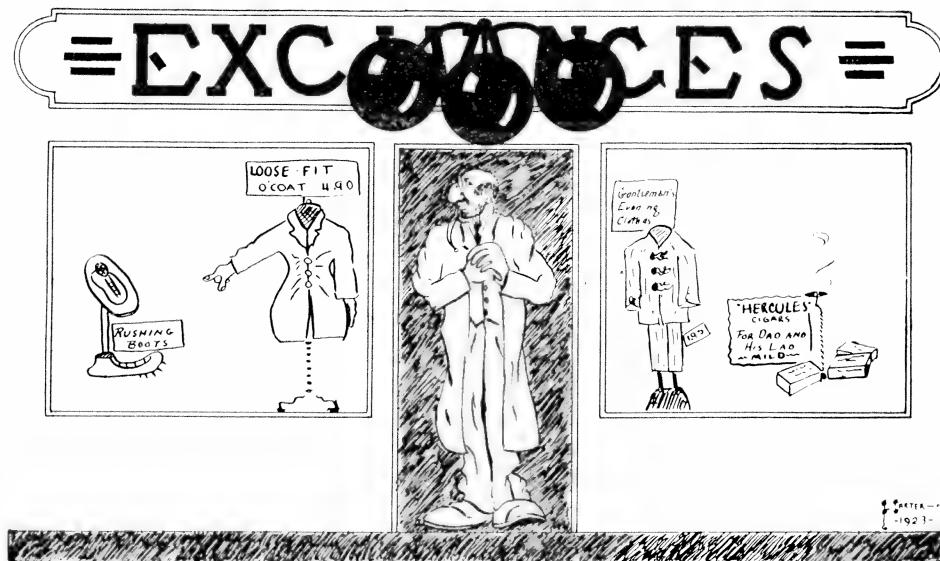
CLASS OF 4A—A DREAM

*"This learned throng; this pile of brick,
This throne of Apollo; this blooming Matric."*

That was as far as I could go. I was proud of that. Yes, 'tis true I was endeavouring to write a poem for the magazine. In fact everybody in the Lecture Hall was trying to do the same thing as I was, at the same time that I was. So, starting out again—

When the Hand of Time has ceased to move, we leave our one-armed Morris chair, and with a benign Grace, grow Weir-y of our ceaseless tramping on the Brown leaves of the Pardee woods; and so stop awhile, for the Sole purpose of having Mr. Dent show us that Sir Walter Scot's novels were written with Carter's fountain pen ink. Then skirting the edge of Burwell's Ford, we find ourselves face to face with the Millman of the River Dee—but knowing that the Campbells will soon be coming to wage war with the Camerons, we depart and find ourselves on the outskirts of Manchester, where Sir Phillip Gibbs wrote his essays. Since we e-Vince

no interest in Johnson's Jazzy Jokes we stop a languid Workman and explain to him the difference between Wilson and Willson. Finally tiring of this, we pass on into the Vale of Tempe where one ad-Myers the (Van) Hornes of a great deer, which tradition tells us was slain by yon stone giant Ashby. As night falls on Flesher-ville we are amazed at the splendour of the (Nor') Woods Stopping at Ferguson's Inn, we a-light from our Sulli-van, and receive a copy of the McInnis Almanac, which tells us that Roy Hardick has died of a broken heart because he could not convince Mr. Grant that we should have three hundred lines of Virgil every night. We regret that he did not use Sloan's sure cure liniment in time; so we spend the long evening reading Robinson (Crusoe) aloud. After rising next morning, we breakfast on nuts from the Hazel tree and set out again, soon reaching the banks of the Jordan. But we soon awake again, to find ourselves once more in the Garrett; and Mr. Dent remarking, "Well, we'll have these problems put on the board."



Owing to the inevitable confusion due to moving into our new quarters, we have found it rather difficult to obtain an accurate record of the various exchanges which have been sent to us during the past year.

We have succeeded, however, in gathering together most of our old friends of the exchange department and we take this opportunity of acknowledging our appreciation of the friendly spirit which has prompted other schools to send us copies of their magazines. We only hope that our suggestions will be of some value to the editorial staffs of other magazines and we ask in return that they will not hesitate to send us criticisms of this issue of the Collegiate.

"Sorceress"—Penzance County School, Penzance, England.

An original type of magazine. It would be greatly improved by the addition of a few cartoons. Congratulations to your plucky girl guides.

"Argus"—Sault Ste. Marie Collegiate, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

A good monthly magazine. Your material is well balanced but a few cartoons and cuts would make your paper much more interesting.

"Oracle"—Oakwood Collegiate, Toronto, Ont.

Your material is well arranged and varied and your cuts are splendid. Your editors have evidently recognized the value of cuts and cartoons to a school magazine. We hope the Girl's Rifle Club succeeds.

"Specula Galtonia"—Galt Collegiate, Galt, Ont.

An excellent magazine for a first edition. Why not try a few short stories and essays? The competition aroused by having contributed material published, keeps up the school interest.

"Northerner"—Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England

Your material is very good and especially interesting since so much is contributed by students. Your cartoons are fine.

"Acta Victoriana"—Victoria College, Toronto, Ont.

A monthly magazine that is worth reading. The article on Marjorie Pickthall and her early poems was excellent. All your material is interesting.

"Schola Regia"—Royal High School, Edinburgh, Scotland.

You lack contributed material. Short stories and essays are invaluable to a school magazine. Your school affairs are well recorded but we fail to find any section devoted to humour.

"School News"—Royal Belfast Academy, Belfast, Ireland.

In the most successful school magazines, as much space is devoted to literature and humour as to write-ups. It is a combination well worth trying.

"Review"—Trinity University, Toronto, Ont.

One of the best magazines on our exchange shelf. The "Matriculation Musings," of the November issue were well worth reading.

"Watsonian"—Watson's College, Edinburgh, Scotland.

We take exception to your wholly erroneous account of Scientific Canadian Rugby. Otherwise your magazine is well balanced.

"Acadia Athenaeum"—Acadia University, Wolfville, N. S.

One of the best magazines we receive in our exchanges. All your material is well balanced, and your short stories are excellent. No department is overlooked in this successful magazine. The cartoons you have are very well drawn.

"Blue"—Christ's Hospital, Horsham, Sussex, England.

Your write-ups are good but why not a few short stories? We fail to find an exchange column.

"*Cantuarian*"—King's School, Canterbury, England.
Why not try a few more short stories? Your Correspondence column is put to good use.

"*Vox Lycei*"—Hamilton Collegiate, Hamilton, Ont.
An all round school magazine with good cuts and cartoons. Your short stories might be more numerous. Why not collect ads?

"*High School Magazine*"—Glasgow High School,
Glasgow, Scotland.

Your school activities are exceptionally well-recorded. The good cuts make your magazine interesting. Why not start an exchange column?

"*Fettesian*"—Fettes College, Edinburgh, Scotland.
Your magazine lacks contributed material. Why not start an exchange column? Your Music Competition is an interesting and profitable activity.

"*Vox Collegiensis*"—St. Catherine's Collegiate, St. Catharines, Ont.

You have a good magazine and your ads are well arranged. We hope that you succeed in arousing the latent school spirit of the St. C. C. I.

"*Magazine of Bishop's College*"—Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Quebec.

The cover-design of your magazine is excellent. Why not a few more short stories and an exchange column? Your cuts and cartoons help a great deal.

"*Echo*"—St. Mary's Collegiate, St. Mary's, Ont.

Under the circumstances, your magazine is exceptionally good. It is well balanced and your editorial staff has appreciated the value of cartoons and art work in a magazine of this type. Why not try advertisements as a financial aid?

—o—

WAKING THOUGHTS

Ring, Ring, Ring,
On a cold gray morn; O Gee,
And I'm glad that my tongue can't utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

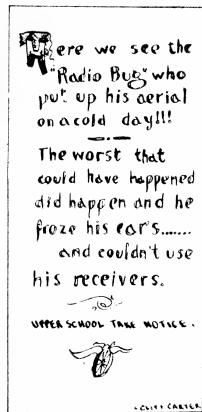
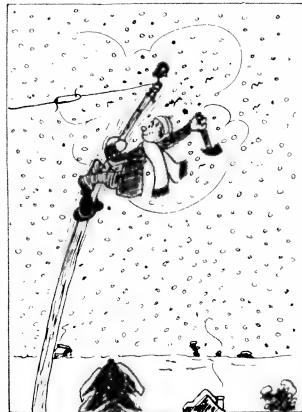
Oh well, for the lucky guys
Who don't have to rise until nine,
Or well for the fortunate lad,
That can sleep if he likes all the time.

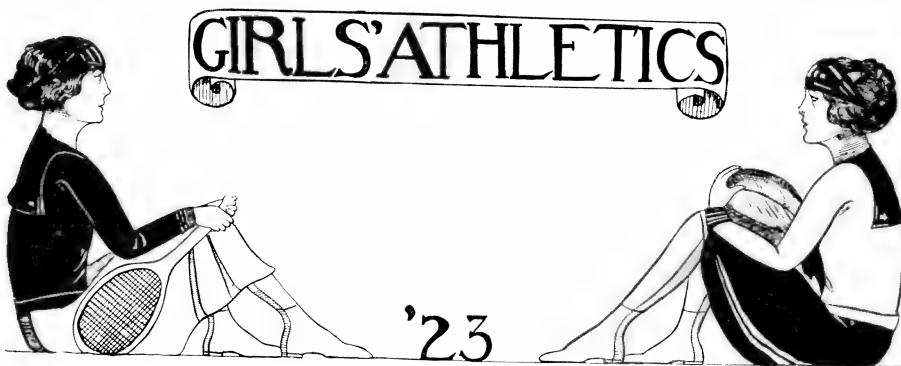
And the Schoolboy still goes on
To the Collegiate over the hill
But oh for the warmth of the good old bed
When the mornings are sharp and chill.

Ring, Ring, Ring,
At the head of my bed Oh Alarm
But the tender grace of a Sunday morn
Has always a wonderful charm.

Nick's 3A.

—o—





During the last few years, basketball has become a very popular game among the girls of the high schools and to provide games for the teams, a meeting was held in London of those interested in Girls Basketball and a schedule was drawn up. As a result the schools were separated into districts and the different teams in these divisions played home and home games. The winning team of these districts met in London at Easter and the winner of the four districts was decided upon.

The S.C.I. team was declared the winners in their district without one game being played, since the other teams in their district defaulted. In the semi-finals the team had little difficulty in eliminating St. Marys' quintette. The team, expecting a stiff battle against St. Marys' squad was well practised and was able to keep the ball most of the time. St. Marys' succeeded in scoring nine points while Sarnia scored fifty-three.

After winning the semi-finals in their district the S.C.I. girls were then qualified to enter the finals in the W.O.S.S.A. series in London. From the four districts, the winning teams were St. Thomas, Windsor, Galt and Sarnia. The Sarnia Girls under Miss Oakes' tireless coaching were, without doubt, the best all-round team on the list. On the afternoon set for the games, which took place during the Easter holidays, Sarnia played against Windsor and won by a score of 34-26. St.

Thomas played against Galt winning by a 28-24 score. At night Sarnia and St. Thomas played for the final honours. Both teams were quite evenly matched but, as in the afternoon game, the quick combination of the S.C.I.'s won them the game. The individual playing on the St. Thomas team was well worth praise, but the team work, as well as the individual playing of the Sarnia girls enabled them to keep the ball once they succeeded in getting it from centre, which resulted in the S.C.I. Girls winning the W.O.S.S.A. cup by a score 29-17. This cup and the individual silver medals donated by the W.O.S.S.A. were presented to the girls after the game by Prof. Hart, Secretary of the Association. In Sarnia Mrs. Barber and Mr. H. Unsworth, representing the Board of Education presented the members of the team with gold rings.

S.C.I.—Centre, Leila Fraser; Forwards, Mary Flesher, Florence Buckindail; Guards, Mary Watson, Lorene Warwick; Subs. Alice Richardson.

Referee—Miss Barbour, Margaret Eaton School of Toronto, assisted by Miss Holland of London.

S.C.I. 22—Old Girls 18.

The annual basketball game between the girls' team of the school and the Old Girls was held on January 19th. The Old Girls' team was composed principally of players from the night class, and under the leadership of Florence Buckindail

managed to hold the well-coached Collegiate team to a 22-18 score. Their defeat can be attributed chiefly to their lack of knowledge of the finer points of the game.

The splendid combination of the S.C.I. forwards was the medium through which most of the school's points were scored. The excellent defensive play of the Collegiate team prevented their opponents from scoring many baskets. Ruth Kirkpatrick was the outstanding player of the school team, scoring four baskets in the last two minutes of play.

Old Girls: Centre, Florence Buckindall; forwards, Reta Barnes, Loretta Woodcock; guards, L. Haney, Helen Simpson; subs, Millie Carr, Mary McMillan, Mable Kennedy.

S.C.I.: Centre, Leila Fraser; forwards, Mary Flesher, Ruth Kirkpatrick; guards, Lorene Warwick, Francis Grace; subs, Bessie Marsh, Bessie Grace.

Sarnia 11—St. Thomas 13

The first outside game of the season was played in St. Thomas with the Collegiate team of that city on Dec. 15. Both teams had been playing different sets of rules because of misunderstanding with Wossa and two different games were played. In the first half the St. Thomas rules were followed, the floor in three divisions with six players. In the second period the Sarnia rules were used, the floor in two divisions with five players. The St. Thomas team made all their thirteen points in the first period and in the second period, Sarnia having the advantage, succeeded in bringing the score to within two of their opponents.

Sarnia 35—Port Huron 17

The Girl's Basketball Team of the Port Huron High School played the Sarnia girls in the boys' gym on Feb. 9th before a large crowd of spectators both from Sarnia and Port Huron. The red and whites played well but were hardly fast

enough for the locals. Although the excitement which generally accompanies these games was not so manifest the interest of the audience did not lag for one minute. The girls are expecting a more severe contest when they meet the American girls on their own floor.

Sarnia: Centers: Mary Flesher, Helen Fraser; Forwards: L. Fraser, R. Kirkpatrick; Guards: Mary Watson, Lorene Warwick; Subs: B. Marsh.

Port Huron: Centres: Sylvia Baird, Mary Morrison; Forwards: M. St. Denis, B. Coyle; Guards: Edith Cooper, M. Pressel; Subs: D. Du Graw, Helen Brockwell and R. Sperril.

Referees: Miss Manning and Miss Oakes.

Sarnia 23—St. Thomas 26

On Feb. 16th, the St. Thomas girls came to Sarnia ready to repeat their victory over the locals. Immediately after the preliminary game between the second team and the Wallaceburg's first the game commenced. The locals began well and kept the lead during the first period but in the second period the visitors, becoming more accustomed to the floor played more confidently, and the second ended with them a few points ahead. In the last ten minutes of play the St. Thomas team continued to hold the Sarnia team down and the game ended with St. Thomas three points ahead. Dorothy Black and Margaret Turner were the best players on the St. Thomas team both turning in an effective game. Miss Williams of Alma College refereed the game in a way satisfactory to both sides. After the game a dance was held in the gym.

Sarnia: Forwards: Ruth Kirkpatrick, Leila Fraser, Helen Fraser; Guards: Mary Flesher, L. Warwick, Mary Watson, Subs: Frances Grace, Bessie Grace.

St. Thomas: Forwards: Dorothy Black, Reta Wardle, Madeline Bean,



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

BACK ROW—M. FLESHER, MISS OAKES (Coach), R. KIRKPATRICK, L. WARRICK, F. GRACE.
SEATED—B. GRACE, L. FRASER (Capt.), H. FRASER, M. WATSON (Mgr.).

Helen Moody; Guards: Florence Speckman, Gladys Tanner, E. Tanner.

Sarnia 23—Chatham 21

On Mar. 10th the Sarnia team journeyed to Chatham for their annual clash with the Collegiate girls of that city. The Sarnia team were not up to their usual form but succeeded in winning from their heavier opponents by a score of 23-21. The game was closely contested, although the S.C.I. girls had the edge on the Chatham team, playing a more aggressive game throughout. For the winners Leila Fraser was the outstanding star although both Mary Flesher and Ruth Kirkpatrick turned in very creditable performances. For the first two periods

the Sarnia guards had some difficulty in checking the hard working Chathams forwards but in the last period their work was much improved.

Windsor 20—Sarnia 16.

The Sarnia team received a bye in the Wossa series and went into the semi-finals against the Windsor Collegiate. The first of the home and home games was played in the Sarnia gym. For the convenience of the visitors the game was started at 5 o'clock. Although the S.C.I. team had the edge in team play, erratic shooting and inaccurate passes prevented them from outscoring their fast travelling opponents. The game was closely contested throughout. When the final whistle blew the

Sarnia team was on the short end of a 20-16 score. The Windsor team played well together and deserved their hard won victory.

The Sarnia lineup was as follows: Forwards: L. Fraser, M. Flesher, H. Fraser, R. Kirkpatrick; Centre: B. Turner; Guards: M. Watson, L. Warwick, F. Grace, F. Laugher.

Windsor 24—Sarnia 9

The return game was played in Windsor the following Friday. With a week's hard practice behind them the S.C.I. squad felt confident of easily overcoming their four point handicap. In this they were sadly disappointed, the Windsor team proving their superiority by defeating them by a score of 24-9. The visitors defeat was due to a number of fouls called on them. More than half of the Windsor points was made on free throws while the Sarnia team secured but one point in this manner. This defeat eliminated the S. C. I. from the Wossa series and provided a rather unsatisfactory finish for the 1923 basketball schedule.

Sarnia 31 —Chatham 7

The Chatham Collegiate girls' basketball team offered little opposition to Leila Fraser and her S.C.I. troupe at the Collegiate gymnasium in the final tilt of the season, the Maple City Collegiate going down to a 31-7 defeat. The boys' game, which was to have been played after the girls' game, was called off when the Chatham boys did not arrive in the city until ten o'clock. Of the Chatham team Misses Claus and Atkins were the pick. The visitors were weak in their combination, their passes lacked snap and accuracy, and they were off form in their shooting. They played gamely, but were a little slow for the Sarnia squad. The teams were guests at the Collegiate to a dance in the gym. after the game.

Chatham: Forwards; A. Baker, M. Claus; Centre: I. Burch; Guards: F. Atkins, M. Slater, C. Brundage.

Sarnia: Forwards: M. Flesher, L. Fraser, H. Fraser, R. Kirkpatrick; Centre: B. Turner; Guards: M. Watson, L. Warwick, F. Grace.

INTERFORM BASKETBALL

With the additional advantages provided by the new gymnasium the girls of the school have displayed a lively interest in basketball. Although the interform tournament was a bit late in getting organized, the different forms took up the idea with enthusiasm and have succeeded in developing some excellent basketball teams.

This annual tournament has always afforded the coach an excellent means of discovering new players and of obtaining material for the first and second teams. The girls of each form are also given an opportunity which would otherwise be lacking—that of upholding the athletic honours of their class or year.

The schedule of the tournament was arranged by Miss Oakes. By a series of elimination games the championship forms of the various years are being decided. Later the winning teams of the different years will play off for the interform championship of the school.

The friendly rivalry and the keen competition which results from this tournament are very potent factors in developing the school spirit so essential to the success of any school.

"FIELD DAY"

The first Field Day of the New Collegiate was held on Wed. Oct. 18th, 1922. Immediately after the roll-call, the students rushed to the campus to see the aspiring young athletes do the loop the loop over poles and hurdles. What did it matter to the majority of the students whether some of the few who entered the events had their necks broken? It was a holiday! Even the teachers admit that Field Day is an important event in the history of the school year. The

morning events were held on the Campus and the afternoon events at the Fair Grounds. Pole vaulting high and broad jumping, and the throwing the baseball were run off in the morning, while the races were held in the afternoon. On account of the coldness of the weather there were few onlookers at the afternoon events. The students who were not taking part in the sports, evidently sorry to be missing the opportunity to study, showed true school spirit, and enlarged their store of knowledge by seeing an Educational Film at the Imperial Theatre.

In comparison with the size of the school the number of students which entered in the day's programme was very small, but it was sufficient to make the day as interesting and exciting as in other years.

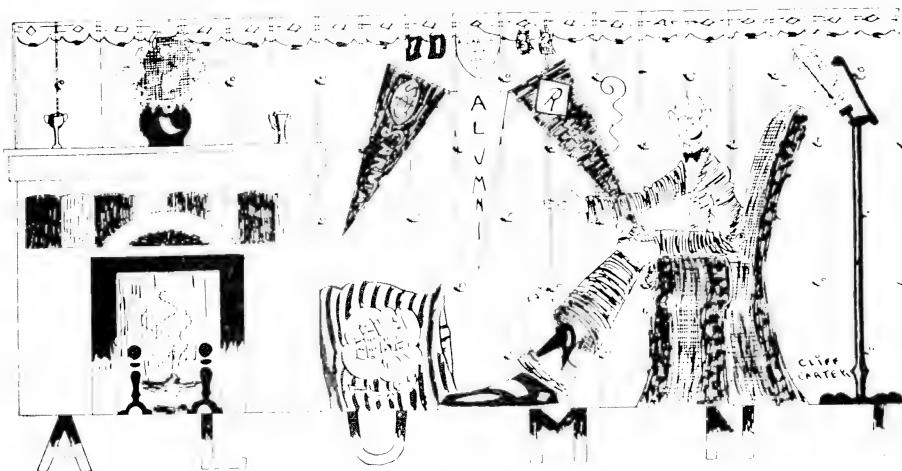
Donald McKay captured the boys Senior Championship with a total number of 20 points. This is the second year that Don has been a school champion. Last year he was the Junior Champion. In the Junior boys events Charles LeBel came out on top with 18 points. Helen Fraser, scoring a total of fourteen points won the Senior Girls' Championship for the second time. Jean Needham with a score of eleven points won the Junior Girls' Championship.

Form 5 holds the shield for the Senior Form Championship, while the Junior Championship shield is in the custody of 2A.

Miss Ferguson, Miss Nichol and Miss Harris kindly assisted in the presentation of badges.



Who Is That Theda Bara They've Been Talking About?



YEARLY the ranks of the Sarnia Collegiate Alumni are increased by a considerable number of graduates. Last year was no exception. To those who have left the old school to take up the greater responsibilities of life we offer our most sincere wishes for success.

The S. C. I. Alumni Association at Toronto has had a very successful year and is now one of the strongest societies of its kind in the University. To the newly organized McGill S.C.I. Alumni Club we extend a cordial greeting and our heartiest wishes for an increased membership next year.

We have three letters from the Alumni. Two of them are from ex-students, the third is from Miss Gladys Story, a member of last year's teaching staff.

Dear Editor:

In writing anything for "The Collegiate" I have a feeling of being a voice from a very dim and distant past. It is five years since I have written anything for the dear old school paper yet it seems but yesterday. It is only when one goes back and finds a new school, new teachers and such crowds of new faces that the swift flight of time come home with a blow.

As a news letter from Varsity this attempt is going to result in absolute failure. To catalogue the activities of Sarnia Old Boys at Varsity is to write a veritable "Who's who." Sarnia faces everywhere—on the football fields, both inter-collegiate and interfaculty, on the hockey teams and on the basket ball floor, while every dance is graced by the presence of Old Girls who

learned to worship Terpsichore on the shores of old Lake Huron.

Some of these sweet co-eds will likely take exception of the careless use of the phrase "Old Girls" but being a grad, one can be a little superior and have a little freedom of language! While on the subject, however, the girls at Varsity need an alumnae organization. The boys association is one of the strongest groups of High School Old Boys in the University and there are not a few of them. Incidentally I think that the S. C. I. Alumni is the father of all similar movements. The Association does a great deal towards strengthening the ties of friendship which were formed at Collegiate and which will be of life long duration. I cannot help feeling that the girls in Toronto are missing something by not getting

together in a similar organization for the sake of the good old days in the little red school on the London Road.

May I close with an appeal to the seniors to continue their education at university? Every year the quota from the S.C.I. to the universities has become larger. May it continue to grow. It is a long slow grind and many a time you may grow weary and despondent, but the testimony of those who have gone over the road comes back to carry on and a greater measure of success in whatever calling in life one chooses, will be ample reward for the struggle. So many of you in looking forward say "Oh, Varsity Courses are so hard." Would they were harder! Here there is no one to push you on, no one to spoon feed you from the flowing bowl of knowledge. And how many times the boy or girl of more than average ability follows the line of least resistance and skins through. He does not give his best and as a just consequence he does not receive the fullest reward. Go to university, believe it is hard, and give your best, and the old S.C.I. will be proud of its scholarship men. I am convinced that last year you have sent a future Rhodes scholar to McGill and I know that there are others of ability in the S. C. I. who can make great names for themselves if they do not find out just how easy a Varsity course really is and play the game with half a heart.

S.C.I. Old Boys at McGill, Queens, Western, Michigan, Notre Dame, Varsity and Osgoode Hall, will welcome you as a verdant frosh. May we have a goodly number determined to work, come what may. With best wishes for every success,

Sincerely,
A. DOUGLAS BELL.
University College

From McGill University:

Dear Collegiate:

It is with an acute sensibility of the changes a year's time has

brought about that I commence this Alumni letter. It seems hard to realize that a whole year has slipped by since we were in the midst of the work of editing the 1922 "Collegiate". How many of the male members of last year's staff will forget that last session in the printer's office "through the darkness of the night" into the dawn of a Spring morning?

No longer can any one association call itself "The" S. C.I. Alumni Association. Still in its early infancy, but nevertheless existing is the McGill S.C.I. Alumni Club. We have an advantage over our sister club at Toronto University at the present time due to the fact that there is no rivalry by members for office. This year, the club is composed of officers. Next year, we hope to have some members.

It would, perhaps, be unfair to the other Canadian universities to recite old McGill's numerous advantages but I must be allowed to say a word in defence for her athletics. I have been led to believe that, because they have heard of our unfortunate Rugby season last Fall, some people in Western Ontario have gained the impression that we have fallen behind in our athletics. My only answer to this is to give a list of the Canadian Intercollegiate Athletic Championships for 1922-23. It speaks for itself.

U. of Toronto—One Major championship—Hockey. Three minor championships—Harriers, Swimming, English Rugby.

Queen's University—One major championship—Rugby.

McGill University—One major championship—Basketball. Three minor championships—Assault-at-Arms, Tennis, Water-polo and Track.

In addition, we won the Ski and Snowshoe Championship in competition with Dartmouth, Williams and other U. S. Universities.

Though we are few the Alumni at McGill are trying to make the name of Sarnia Collegiate known. In

fact, it is known by a large number, for, personally, I am constantly running across men and others whom I have met on Rugby or other trips while at the S.C.I.

But to our personnel; Betty Gordon, daughter of Mr. T. A. G. Gordon, and sister of Miles Gordon, Editor of the 1921 "Collegiate" is one of the stars of the Basketball team of the School of Physical Education here. John Allan, whom some of you will remember as an S. C. I. graduate and whose home is now in Halifax is a student in the Faculty of Science and blows a mean horn in the University Band. Ross "Hack" Harkness of last year's Upper School is a diligent member of the Science Freshman class, and a hearty supporter of many university activities. W. B. P. Potter, Business Manager of last year's "Collegiate" now in First Year Commerce and your humble servant, a member of Second Year Arts, have both been as active as their time allowed. Walter is Treasurer of First Year Commerce and played on the Commerce Interfaculty Rugby Team last Fall. We are both members of the Mandolin Club, the Ontario Club, and the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity. We both decided early in the Fall to go in for newspaper work on the McGill Daily, the "only College Daily in Canada." We have been cub reporters all year and this week we heard with joy that we had both been appointed to the Board of Night Editors for next year. This is a board of six men with each Night Editor being in charge of issuing the "Daily" one night each week.

Last Fall, I was lucky enough to catch a place on the University Senior Rugby Squad and was carried on all trips the team made. I was given my Intermediate letter but missed my big "M" by a few minutes' play.

If I am to say nothing of McGill's advantages, I must speak about the grand old city of Montreal. About

the sixth or seventh largest city on the continent, with Westmount, Outremont and Montreal West, which are really parts of the city, Montreal has a population of close to a million souls. It is one of the most cosmopolitan cities in the world. One half to three-quarters of the population is French speaking. In its dress and customs it is perhaps the most English city in Canada. Its aspect in some parts is typically American. But, with it all, it is essentially Canadian.

The winter is even more wonderful here than the summer, bringing as it does ski-ing, tobogganing, snowshoeing, skating, ski-joring, bobsledding and sleighing. Ski-ing has taken a large lead over any other sport in my favour. I was 60 miles up in the Laurentians last week end ski-ing and I visit regularly the slopes of Mt. Royal. If we so desire, we are granted our physical attendance at the University by going ski-ing on the mountain.

I often wish when swooping down the Park Toboggan Slide at a rate of 90 miles an hour or, on skis, slipping over the snow on the mountain, with the ice-covered St. Lawrence in the distance, the acres of lights that represent Canada's greatest city below and a great big moon above, that the old crowd at S. C. I. were also here to revel in the wonderful Winter sports.

And now, a closing prayer which you have heard me breathe before—that you keep high and unsmirched the glorious name and traditions of the old school so that both you who are assuming the responsibilities of Collegiate life and we, to whom such things are but part of a wonderful past, may always point with pride to Sarnia Collegiate as our original Alma Mater.

With most sincere wishes for the success of this year's "Collegiate", I am,

Yours very cordially,
THEODORE F. M. NEWTON.
Arts '25, McGill.

From Humberside Collegiate, Toronto:

Dear Collegiate:

When I recall how we used to abuse those who were slow in sending in their contribution to the Magazine, I scarcely dare expect forgiveness for my tardiness in responding to your Alumni Editor's request for "a word to each and all of us."

What is that word to be? If I should yield to my first impulse and write in reminiscent vein the "note" would be far too long and I should be very homesick. Some of my happiest memories of the S. C. I. are bound up with the "Collegiate" Staff's meetings in the old Upper School class room.

I am glad to have an opportunity through this, your first number published in the new school to extend to all the students, hearty congratulations on the great advantages you enjoy in your new building. You really do not realize how fortunate you are since, at its worst, the old building was better than many schools in present use.

The literary Society is especially fortunate in possessing a fine auditorium and a stage and I have heard with great pleasure of your good work this year. Congratulations to the officers of that Society and to the individual victors in the oratory, elocution, story and poem writing.

Last fall I had the very great pleasure of seeing the Rugby team win another Championship. Congratulations to the Athletic Association and to the team. We shall be looking for more victories at the Spring meet in London.

By the way, there is a former S.C.I. teacher on our staff here, Miss Nicholson, who joins me in best wishes to "The Collegiate," and in friendly greetings and every good wish for success to the graduating class and to all the other students.

Yours sincerely,

GLADYS STORY.

ALUMNI 1922

Miss Story is a member of the staff of the Humberside Collegiate, Toronto.

Mr. Graham is an instructor at the London Collegiate Institute.

Miss Arnold is at Kitchner Collegiate Institute.

Mr. Brown is a broker and is still residing in the city.

Miss DeFoe is married and living in Owen Sound.

Ted Newton, last year's Rugby Captain and Oratory medallist Walter Potter, last year's Literary Society President and Ross Harkness have joined the ranks of McGill University.

Bob McBurney and Bobby Wilkinson are at Ridley College.

Arthur Wilkinson attended the first semester at Assumption College and is now at home. Lester Wemple who was one of our most promising students is still in attendance at Assumption

Keith Watson, winner of the Literary Society Expository Essay medal is attending Victoria College. Euid Morrison is also at Victoria.

University of Toronto has claimed Jean Conn and Mary McNamara.

Bernice Knowles is studying Household Science at Toronto University.

George Barge is still undecided as to his career.

Ruth Harmon is pursuing a business course at the Battle Creek Business College.

Annie Brown is at her home in Brigden.

Floyd White and Jean Finch decided on a matrimonial career and are now residing in Detroit.

Bruce Spears is working for the Laidlaw Lumber Company.

Rose Simpson is in training in the Buffalo City Hospital.

Ena Timson is a stenographer in the Law Office of Weir & Weir.

Mayne Watson and Eric Hardgraves are working at the Bank of Montreal and Bank of Nova Scotia respectively.

F. Chong won a scholarship dur-

ing her first semester at Ann Arbor.

Earl Collins is a clerk in Sperry's store, Port Huron.

Thelma Richardson is attending a High School in Detroit.

London Normal attracted Freida Taylor, Frances Dier, Anna Mitton, Ruth Barnaby and Marjorie McLenan.

Charles Garvie is at Woodstock College.

Wilfred Miller is working in a Toronto Bank and is attending night school.

Mary Anderson is attending Stratford Normal.

Delmar Dupuis is working for the G. T. R.

Florence Buckindail, having passed the Ypsilanti Summer School Examination, is teaching in South Park.

Dorothy Barnaby is attending Western University.

Francis Lawrence is working in McCandless Drug Store.

Clement White is studying agriculture at home this year.

Helen Saurwein is working for T. Kenny and Co.

Helen Smith is at home.

Florence De'Ath is a stenographer in a Coal Office, Port Huron.

Bessie McGregor is employed at the "Observer" office.

Velma Virgo and Gladys Hobbs are stenographers at the Perfection Stove Company.

Helen Ely is a stenographer in the office of the Northern Gravel and Sand Company, Port Huron.

Elsie Bentley is a stenographer in the office of Mr. C. L. Brown.

Gladys Luckhurst is Assistant Secretary in the S. C. I. and T. S.

Roy Kennedy is at home this year.

Melba Stover is employed in the office of the Mackenzie Milne Co., Limited.

Lois Haines is a stenographer with the Laidlaw Lumber Company.

Louise MacDonald is in the office of the Sarnia Fence Co.

Arthur Pullen is a Junior Clerk in the Royal Bank.

Alex. Melville has been trans-

ferred from the local branch of the Home Bank of Canada to the branch at Mount Brydges.

Fidelis Dionne is employed in the McTaggart Book Store, Pt. Huron.

Marion Robinson is employed at Parson's Fair.

Theresa Tobin is in the Law Office of Lebel and Gray, Sarnia.

Grace Bedard is stenographer and Bookkeeper in the store of A. H. Heller.

Lillian Foster has a position in Point Edward.

Viola Lannan is a stenographer with a law office in Port Huron.

1921 ALUMNI

Floyd Gigax is working for the Frontier Printing Company.

Catherine LeBel is attending Sarnia Business College. Basil LeBel is studying business administration at Notre Dame.

Kenneth McGibbon and Stan Teskey are continuing their studies at Toronto University.

Alice Callum, winner of Second Carter scholarship of 1920, is teaching at Wyoming, and Betty Haney, winner of a silver medal for oratory is teaching at Lochiel Street School.

Grace Sharpe is at MacDonald Hall.

Bessie Grace is attending school.

Russell Harkness, winner of 1st Carter Scholarship, is working at Ingersoll's Drug Store.

Harry McCobb is in attendance at the University of Michigan.

Cecil Spears is now in his Upper School.

Margaret MacKenzie, Charlotte Towers and Madeline Kenny, are attending Miss Edgars' School, Montreal, Quebec.

Arthur Ellwood is at home.

John Baldwin, Bruce Carruthers and Clare Saunders are attending Queen's University.

Lloyd Williams is working in McGibbon's drug store and Alvin Lucas is employed at Clement's Drug Co., Carmen Millyard is in a drug store in Toronto.

Audrey Rhodes is teaching at Watford.

Harold Woodrow is in the office of Moncrieff and Woodrow.

Margaret McLean is in Regina, Saskatchewan.

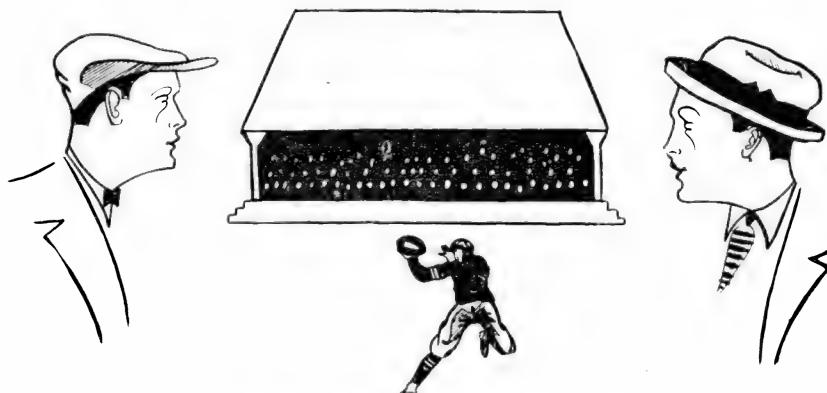
Evelyn Burge is working in the

office of the Imperial Oil, Limited.

Charlotte McAlpine is a stenographer at the Perfection Stove Works.

Alex Jack has been transferred to the Bank of Commerce to the Forest Branch.





SPORT

The S. C. I. has won for herself a place in the athletic world equal to that of any other school in the province. Her teams have travelled far and near and whether winning or losing have always played the game in a true sportsmanlike manner.

Success has crowned our efforts again in 1922. The track and football teams have both won championships while the latter, by making this the third successive year in which this school has carried off the honors of the O. R. F. U., has established a record which shall not soon be equalled. Thus Victory is written on the first page of the history of our new building—an auspicious start on, what we hope will be, a very successful future.

The new school, offering as it does greater facilities for athletics, has stimulated further interest in every branch of sport. The larger campus now permits a better gridiron and baseball diamond and it is hoped that the Board will see fit to build a cinder track within the school grounds. The modern equipment of our fine gymnasium has interested many in gymnastics and the splendid floor has greatly swelled the number that turn out to basketball. Nothing need be said of the popularity of the swimming pool and of the advantages of the better showers and dressing rooms.

Mention must also be made of the excellent support afforded the rugby team by the students and city as a whole. The attendance at home games was all that could be desired and it was only by this means that the sport could be carried on successfully. That the business men were always behind us was shown in no uncertain manner when Mr. Johnson in a canvas of the uptown district, collected over \$300.00 in a very short time for the expenses of the team to Toronto. The Athletic Society wishes to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Johnson and the loyal supporters of the school who have contributed so much towards making the past athletic season a success.

RUGBY

Hundreds of hearts began to beat normally again when many of the '21 team announced that they were coming back for another year. When school had closed in June it appeared that most of the players would not be with us another year but these fears were soon dispelled when it was learned that all but four or five had returned.

School had only been opened a few days when Captain Richardson sent out the clarion call for the first practice. The usual army of "first-nighters" was on hand and the recruits were innumerable. Opening practices commenced with tackling and road work for condition, but within a week teams were lined up and the long three months grind was well under way.

It was soon seen that Newton and Gabler had left behind them two very big pairs of shoes to fill, as it was quite evident that our chief worry was a lack of big strong boys for the line positions. There was plenty of backfield material so Coach Jack Newton immediately began a quest for promising linemen with the result that Brown and Workman were brought in from the seconds. Johnson, returning to the game after a two year's absence, ably filled Bentley's position at flying wing.

When the date of the annual clash with the Old Boys was announced, a fair amount of team play had been worked up and the condition had also been stressed, so if by nothing else we at least hope to win by the latter. With last year's victory still ringing in their ears the team was ready to do or die from blood and sand burs at the Athletic Park.

Old Boys 16—S. C. I. 2.

The annual clash with the Old Boys is old as the game itself at the S. C. I. Each year the school team valiantly opens the season by this game with the All Stars and the '22 season was no exception to the rule. Each year the sandy slopes of the

Athletic Park grow their crop of sand burs and each year the graduate teams go forth to reap the harvest of golden brown sand berries. Last autumn's crop was larger than ever so when the final whistle blew the players had to really begin to work with tweezers in a vain effort to extract countless burs. After many weeks they still could be found busy prying for the tiny thorns.

As for the game it could be condensed into the time worn phrase—experience and weight triumphed over youth. The Old Boys, assisted by one, "Newsy" Hayes, soon shoved the lighter school line back and a few of their own "men" over for touchdowns, which luckily, they were unable to convert owing to the lack of goal posts. The first half the graduates had all their own way but in the final period the school team outscored them two to one. The terrific heat added to the discomfort of the burs produced an exceedingly warm game in more ways than one, and the memory of this yearly roll in the sand dunes to the north of the city will linger much longer than the score.

The Schedule

The usual difficulty of arranging games, while waiting for the O. R. F. U. series to commence, was experienced again last year. Although Manager "Dutch" Simpson communicated with schools all over Western Ontario he was unable to procure a game for the team. London signified its desire to enter the Union but did not do so until after a winner of the St. Thomas—Sarnia series had been declared. St. Thomas had previously eliminated Woodstock College but London had declined to meet them. Nothing but the best of relations existed between Sarnia and the O. R. F. U. executive and the officials of that body are to be commended for the excellent manner in which they handled the schedule of the team.

S. C. I. 35—Wallaceburg Inter. 13.

Manager Simpson was unable to book games with junior teams so they were forced to play in the higher series and Wallaceburg intermediates accommodated the school when they offered to play a game there. The '21 team had beaten them 12-1 so this game would serve as a comparison to the relative strength of the teams. With the experience gained last year Wallaceburg was expected to put up a much harder battle and the new school team scarcely hoped for a victory. The hot day and hard field caused many injuries and both teams were often forced to halt for repairs.

From the kick-off Sarnia played an open-field game and their trick plays, runs and passes had the Wallaceburg players bewildered. The home team relied mainly on line bucks to wear down the smaller Sarnia team but few yards were gained by this method. At half time the score read 15-0 and Wallaceburg had yet to threaten the Sarnia goal. Johnson, who was injured in the second period, was able to continue after half-time. The third period was all Sarnia's and three more touchdowns were scored. In the fourth period Wallaceburg came to life and after steadily forcing the Sarnia wings back, Stonehouse tore through the line for two tries in succession. The school team soon was on the offensive again and increased their points to thirty-five. Smith and Stonehouse were the outstanding stars on the Snyecarte team and the great bulk of the work fell to them. Corey, Pugh, Johnson, Garvie, Simpson, Cook and Hanna were each credited with touchdowns for the S. C. I.

S. C. I. 24—Sarnia Juniors 5

Coach Jack Newton arranged for a practice series between his two teams, which were both unable to get games with outside teams. The two games played served to bring out each team's weaknesses and

they resulted in more good than weeks of straight practice without hard opposition.

In the first game the S. C. I. back division was much superior to the Wanderer's while the wing-line held its own against their heavier opponents. In the absence of Hayes and Hanna, Robinson and Johnson played the full back positions and both starred. Johnston's punting was one of the features of the contest. Manore and Garvey were prominent with their deadly tackling and the Wanderer backs were downed without gain. Richardson, Corey and Simpson were ever prominent in the defensive play of the winners. For the losers Jackson, Marquis and McPhedran were best.

Juniors 7—S. C. I. 2.

In the next game the Wanderer's showed a complete reversal of form and their win was indeed a surprise but nevertheless a deserved one. From the start they played a line plunging game with practically no open field work. This soon wore down the lighter Collegiate line and the juniors swept down the field and Jackson was shoved over for a try in the first ten minutes.

Although the S. C. I. threatened several times fumbles or off-sides would lose any advantage that had been gained and two rouges from Hayes' boot were the best that could be contributed to the scoring column. Pugh's absence weakened the strength of the line, which was not as effective as formerly. Marquis Maughn and Jackson starred with their line-breaking, while Richardson, Garvey and Manore were the pick of the S. C. I.

Sarnia 11—London Elks 8.

The following Saturday the team journeyed to London to play an exhibition game with the Askin Elks, a junior team. The game was played after an intermediate fixture between London and Petrolia and did not start till nearly dark.

The Sarnia team still appeared to

be in the slump which marked their last game and they seldom showed any real rugby. In justice to the Elks it must be said that they were a very good team and their excellent team play more than surprised the S. C. I. twelve. In the first half they distinctly outplayed the visitors and led at half time by 8 to 1. After the rest period Sarnia came to life for a time and an onside kick to Manore netted five points. The last quarter was played in semi-darkness and it was extremely difficult to see the ball. On a fumbled kick Garvie snatched up the loose ball and crossed the line for the last score of a very hectic game.

Shaw was by far the best of the Elks although Baker and Willoughby also turned in good performances. The Sarnia ends were reliable as ever and Pugh's plunging was very prominent.

Sarnia 23—St. Thomas 0.

The first game of the O. R. F. U. schedule with St. Thomas was played at the Athletic Park on Sat. Nov. 4, before a crowd of almost one thousand fans. St. Thomas had won their district from Woodstock College with comparative ease, and backed by their excellent record of the previous year, when they were the only team to defeat the S. C. I., they were expected to give the locals another close run for honours.

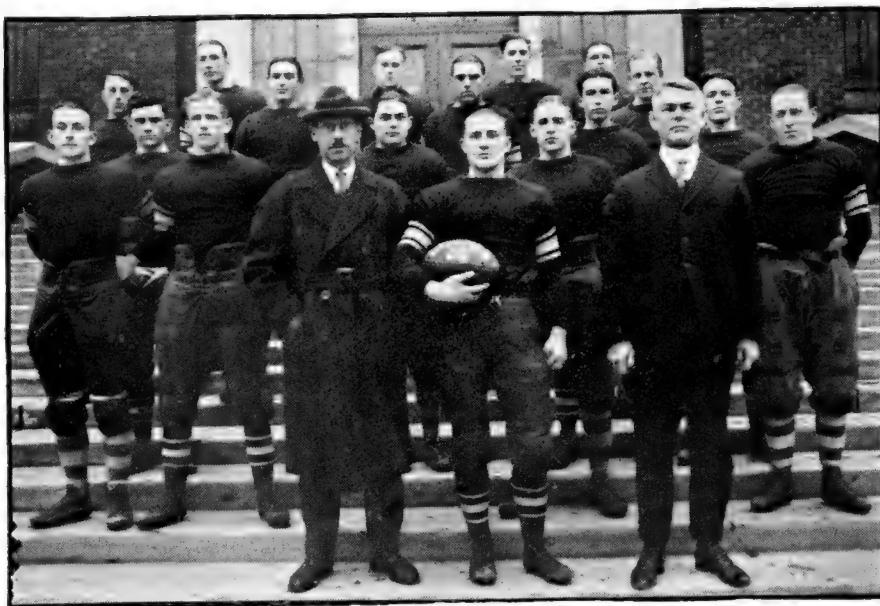
Although the St. Thomas team was outclassed, they played hard till the final whistle, putting up one of the gamest fights seen here in years. The perfect passing runs of the Sarnia backfield, the long passes, onside kicks, and the trick formations mixed with straight football had the visitors at sea throughout the whole game. Only once did they threaten the Sarnia goal line and that was the time the ball struck the goal post, after a drop kick, and bounded back into Hayes' arms for a 25 yd. gain. The Saints presented a well balanced team of good tacklers and open field runners but they lacked weight and knowledge of inside

football. Turnpenny and Chantler were the pick of the visitors with their tricky backfield runs but Savage and Scott were prominent with their hard accurate tackling. The whole Sarnia team worked smoothly and with precision, outplaying the Saints in every department. Hayes' punting and placement of onside kicks to Manore and Garvie gained much ground and Pugh's plunging also featured. St. Thomas kicked off but Sarnia soon worked the ball down the field and scored in the first few minutes of play when Hanna booted a long return to the deadline for a point. Play continued in the visitor's end of the field but penalties kept the S. C. I. from scoring until Hayes punted another over the deadline, and the quarter ended 2-0.

Johnson advanced the ball 20 yards on the end of a half-line run and Garvey gained 15 more by gathering in an onside kick. Hayes caught the Saints napping on the next scrimmage when he switched another onside to Manore who scampered over for a touchdown which was not converted. St. Thomas kicked off and soon had the ball in Sarnia territory but their only threat was short lived. End runs and trick plays carried the play back and just before the quarter ended, Hayes kicked another over the deadline, making the half time score Sarnia 8—St. Thomas 0.

The Saints began to tire under the crushing Sarnia offensive and were steadily forced back to their one yard line and Simpson went through centre for a touchdown. Hayes converting from a difficult angle. St. Thomas kicked off and Hanna plunged twice in succession for yards through the left wing. Sarnia gained on almost every punting exchange. Turnpenny ran the ball from behind his line but Hayes returned the kick and Chantler was rouged for another point.

In the final period Sarnia kept the ball in St. Thomas territory almost continuously and kicked two



DOMINION JUNIOR INTERSCHOLASTIC RUGBY CHAMPIONS
 1st Row—J. NEWTON (Coach), J. RICHARDSON (Capt.), D. A. CAMPBELL (Prin.). 2nd Row—H. COREY,
 R. HAYES, G. SIMPSON, K. ROBINSON. 3rd Row—A. BROWN, G. WORKMAN, H. VANHORNE, H.
 RANDOLPH. 4th Row—E. ROBINSON, C. PARKS, F. PUGH, H. MAITLAND. BACK ROW—O.
 JOHNSON, D. MCKAY, S. MANORE, E. HANNA.

points in quick succession. The visitors recovered the only fumble Hayes made, but gained little on the error. With five minutes to play Sarnia started an offensive from centre field and Corey, Simpson, Hayes, Pugh and Hanna made yards. On the second down, Simpson went over for his second touchdown which was converted. Final score Sarnia 23—St. Thomas 0.

Sarnia 5—St. Thomas 1.

The following Saturday the return game was played in the Railroad City. Sarnia, having amassed a 23 point lead in the first game, was conceded the round but this did not prevent the St. Thomas team from making a mighty effort to cut down the lead.

Although the game was closely contested both teams did not give nearly as good an exhibition of football as was shown a week before. The Sarnia twelve got off to a poor start from which they never fully recovered and as a result they did

not display the marked superiority of the first game. Both teams were guilty of many fumbles which lost many yards for them and neither side opened up the play to any extent, as line plunges were the best ground gainers. Pugh and Brown did the bulk of Sarnia's bucking while Smith and Dawdy gained the most ground through the line for St. Thomas. Kilmer, Chantler and Scott were best for the home team but the whole squad played hard. The field was somewhat slippery and the uncertain footing kept the Sarnia backs from rounding the end for any great gain. Neither team made yards when within striking distance of the touchline and the S. C. I. piled up their lead by deadline kicks and rouges. Hayes' again had the best of a kicking duel with Chantler. He was ably supported by the tackling of Garvie and Manore. Richardson played his usual strong defensive game but was forced to retire in the last quarter with a dislocated knee, which bothered him

the rest of the season, although he gamely took part in every contest.

The first half ended with the score 2-1 and the play fairly even. In the final period the game developed into a series of punting exchanges and Sarnia slowly shoved the Saints back until three more points were added to the score. The final whistle proclaimed the S. C. I. winner on the round by a score of 28-1.

Sarnia 27—London 1.

Our next game was at home when the O. R. F. U. ordered London C. I., a last minute entry in the race for Ontario honours, to meet Sarnia in a sudden death game. The London team were considered good and with the scalps of the London Elks hanging from their belts they were more than confident of giving the S. C. I. twelve a close race for the whole sixty minutes. A crowd of over 700 people greeted the teams in spite of the threatening weather.

The score of 27-1 just about represents the difference in the two teams, but the S. C. I. playing the brand of football they were capable of, should have piled up a larger score, especially in the first half. For the opening fifteen minutes London, taking advantage of Sarnia's ragged playing, bottled the locals up in their own end of the field and bid much the better of the play. In this period Sarnia's passing was poor and they fumbled frequently. The visitors opened the scoring when Lawrence booted to Hanna, who ran the ball out, but in doing so stepped over the side-line and London gained their one and only point. Thereafter the S. C. I. twelve got down to serious work and literally romped away from the guests. The London team was bewildered with the local's assortment of end runs, bucks, trick plays, on-side kicks, long passes, line shifts, and sequence plays, and after the first quarter were never in the hunt.

The score by periods was: 1-1, 7-1, 13-1 and 27-1.

For the visitors Lawrence and Ardiel overshadowed the rest of their team mates with their open-field running and plunging, while Beard, at flying wing, was by far the best London tackler. Hayes and Hanna did some excellent sprinting for the home team and the former's field goal was a pretty piece of work. Johnson, Simpson, Manore, and Garvie were the defensive stars, while Pugh's line smashes were invariably good for yards. Richardson entering the game in the second quarter was the means of steadying his team and putting them on the track to victory. He later retired in favour of Eddie Robinson, who played an excellent game.

Sarnia 26—St. Jeromes 0

The S. C. I. win over London entitled them to enter the third round semi-finals and on Saturday, Nov. 25th they met St. Jeromes College of Kitchener in a sudden death game at Tecumseh Park, London. St. Jeromes had won their district from Galt after a hard battle and with many stars, they were looked upon to give Sarnia a hard battle.

When the team assembled at the station Saturday morning at 10.30 they were greeted with the sad news that the train was nearly two hours late and that there was over six inches of snow in London. After years of watchful waiting the train pulled out for wintry London a little after the noon hour. Coach Jack Newton accompanied the team and made arrangements for the players to have dinner and to dress on the train in order not to waste any further time. Arriving in London the squad was rushed to the field in taxis and as soon as the snow-plow could find the side lines the referee's whistle announced the starting of the game.

St. Jeromes kicked off to Hanna who ran the ball back fifty yards before being downed. Sarnia gained on a punting exchange and Hayes

booted to Row who was downed in his tracks by Manore for the first point. Sarnia kept the play within the Kitchener 30 yard line throughout the first quarter but penalties kept them from any further scoring. The second period was still young when Hanna took a perfect pass and ploughed twenty yards for the first touchdown, which Hayes did not convert. Sarnia's sensational end runs were bewildering to the Kitchener team and even on the uncertain footing Sarnia was opening up the play and catching the Saints napping on almost every scrimmage. There was no further scoring and the first half ended 6-0.

In the third period the S. C. I. opened out wide, and before ends were changed another 15 points were chalked to their credit. Row fumbled and on second down Hayes punted to Woodcraft who was downed by Garye for a rouge. Some more fumbling gave Sarnia the ball 25 yds. out and Hayes taking lots of time, put a perfect drop between the uprights that made the score read 10-0. After Row had been forced to rouge once more the Saints began on offensive but the Sarnia defence tightened and got the ball 35 yds. out. Then on one of the prettiest end runs of the afternoon, Johnson, the fifth man to handle the ball, crossed the line for a touchdown which Hayes failed to convert. Two minutes later Johnson picked up another Saint fumble of one of Hayes' kicks and sprinted 40 yds. for another try. Kitchener, fighting gamely were now facing a lead of 21 points.

Sarnia eased up slightly in the final period and were content to hold St. Jeromes in their own territory. Sarnia gained in the punting due and with five minutes left, held the ball on the Kitchener 5 yd. line. From this point Hayes smashed through for the final score of the game. The S. C. I. now replaced the regulars with several substitutes and St. Jeromes never threatened the Sarnia goal line. Row,

Souliere and the Woodcraft brothers were the pick of the college team, while the work of Sarnia's back division and ends was outstanding. The whole blue and white team played a remarkable game and kept the play fast and open, considering the unfortunate conditions of the field. St. Jeromes were outclassed but not outgamed and they fought hard until the final whistle.

Sarnia 7—U. T. S. 2.

By the last week of November three teams still remained in the semi-finals, namely, University of Toronto Schools, Oakwood and Sarnia. The first two named were Toronto schools, and because they could come to no agreement in regard to an elimination series Secretary McQueen ordered U. T. S. to play a sudden death game here, the winner to meet Oakwoods on the following Saturday for the Championship. The U.T.S. was recognized as Toronto's best in the interscholastic group, and a win for the S. C. I. would mean that the much-longed-for trip to the Queen City was at last realized. Interest in the game had been worked up to a fever heat, and the whole city was pulling for the team to take the first fall out of the unbeaten Toronto stars. Even the weather-man was one of our staunch supporters when he presented his best wishes by means of perfect autumn weather on the first Saturday in December.

A record crowd of over 1500 was present when Referee Bailey's whistle started one of the greatest gridiron battles in local history. The fans were treated to more thrills in the sixty minutes of play than in any game played on the local sandlot in recent years. Time after time the U. T. S. line crushers would plunge down the field only to have their gains offset by a long run by one of the Sarnia halves. Toronto had a big advantage in the bucking department, but the Sarnia back-division took every opportunity that came its way, at a time when it was

most needed. The tackling of Manore, Garvey, Simpson, Richardson, Corey and Johnson was so accurate and deadly that not one Toronto player was able to break away for a run of more than 20 yards. Hayes played the best rugby of his career and his touchdown was one of the most brilliant features of the game. Although Plaxton out-distanced him slightly in the punting duel, 'Newsy' used better judgement in spite of the fact that he was not afforded the same support as the Toronto kicker. Manore created a sensation when he grabbed a blocked Toronto drop-kick and sprinted over 60 yds. before he was brought to earth. It looked for a while as if he were away for an end to end touchdown. Hanna's open field work was above par while Pugh shone with his bucking and strong blocking. For the Toronto team the two Plaxtons, Munro, Anglin and B. Stollery were the shining stars. The first two gave an exhibition of line plunging that would be hard to equal in the junior ranks, while Munro was very elusive in the open field.

Hayes kicked off and R. Plaxton was downed after a seven yard gain. U. T. S. then began to demonstrate that the Sarnia line was penetrable and by a series of line bucks they worked the ball well into Sarnia territory. Things began to look rather dark for the S. C. I. until Simpson fell on a fumble and Sarnia regained possession. Manore was injured and retired being replaced by McKay. Sarnia was fumbling badly and could not get settled down. U. T. S. tried an onside kick near the Sarnia line but Hanna caught the punt and made five yards. About two minutes before the end of the first quarter Hayes took the ball from Simpson and faking a pass to Hanna sprinted around the right end dodging and side-stepping forty yards for the only touchdown of the game. It was a sensational run and the crowd went wild with delight. An easy convert made the score for the first quarter read 6-0.

In the second period Sarnia lost many yards by interference and off-side penalties and U. T. S. began another march toward the S. C. I. line. Plaxton attempted a drop-kick 15 yards out but the kick was poor and Manore secured the ball and ran it back well past mid-field. Sarnia kicked and Toronto slowly bucked back down the field. Plaxton booted over the line to Hayes, who tripped in attempting to make the catch and Hanna ran the ball to the deadline for the first U. T. S. point. The blue and white were beginning to stop the terrific plunges of the visitors and there was no further score before half-time. Second quarter S. C. I. 6—U. T. S. 1.

The third quarter was hard-fought all the way. U. T. S. tried for another field goal but the ball soared to the left of the posts and Hayes ran it out. Johnson was forced to leave the field with a badly broken nose and McKay replaced him. Plaxton scored the U. T. S. second and final point when he punted over the deadline. Three quarter time score S.C.I. 6—U.T.S. 2.

The last quarter opened with Hanna rounding left end for fifty yards and placing the ball on the Toronto 25 yard line. An extended backfield play gained 15 more but U. T. S. held and Sarnia could not buck over the line. Plaxton kicked to Hanna who plunged 5 yards. Hayes' kick was blocked and Munro recovered for U. T. S. Plaxton booted to Hanna who ran it back 30 yards but was called back 15 yds. for stepping out. He recovered this loss however by going around the right end. Simpson recovered Hayes kick on the U. T. S. 40 yard line. Sarnia kicked again but Plaxton managed to run the ball out of danger. The game now developed into a kicking duel and both teams began to crumble under the terrific pace. Plaxton booted to Hanna, who ran it back 40 yards. Hayes attempted a drop kick but the ball went wide and Plaxton was rouged for the last point. Hayes broke

away and passed to Simpson but U. T. S. gained the ball on a forward pass. Hanna took Plaxton's kick and plunged 10 yards. Hayes kicked on the second down as the final whistle blew giving Sarnia the right to play off with Oakwood Collegiate for the O. R. F. U. Championship.

Sarnia 13—Oakwood 2.

On Friday morning Dec. 8th, the team set out for Toronto to meet Oakwoods on the final at Varsity Stadium. Mr. Goodison had arranged for excellent hotel accommodation and did his best to secure every comfort for the squad. The Alumni had obtained Hart house for dressing rooms for the team. The day was cold and the dark clouds threatened snow but this held off luckily till after the game. The Stadium field was covered with a thin hard sheet of ice and several loads of sand had been scattered over the surface. Even this failed to improve the footing to any great extent.

The game, considering the unfavorable condition, was a good exhibition of football. Sarnia showed her superiority over the Toronto school but the hazardous underfooting kept her half-line runs suppressed and the score down. The S. C. I. excelled most in the tackling department, the work of Garvie, Manore, Richardson, Simpson and Johnston standing out. Hayes was the star of the game and he again came through with a touchdown and some very effective punting. Pugh and Hanna were Sarnia's greatest plungers. For Oakwood, Abbey and Scarlett on the backfield were outstanding, while Dundas and Morgan bore the brunt of their line plunging play.

Sarnia lost 120 yards during the game through penalties, while Toronto was set back 60 yards. Although Oakwood had the S. C. I. pressed back in their own territory several times they never appeared very dangerous. After piling up a

lead Sarnia was content to play a defensive game.

Oakwood kicked off to Hanna who ran the ball back to centrefield before being brought down to the ice. Hayes lifted a pretty onside to Manore for a gain of 30 yards. Sarnia booted to the deadline for the first point of the game. Interference penalties kept Sarnia from scoring. Hayes tried a drop kick which went wide and Abbey returned it. Oakwood secured on a fumble. Abbey booted to Hanna and on the third down with no gain, Hayes punted to Oakwood 30 yards line. The slippery field made half-line rushes impossible and play was confined to backs and punting. First quarter Sarnia 1—Oakwood 0.

In the second period the punting exchanges continued and Sarnia backs were generally able to carry the ball back some distances. By this means Oakwoods were slowly forced back toward their own goal line. Hayes attempted a drop kick but the ball went wide of the posts. Abbey fumbled the kick when manore tackled him and Garvie following down fast secured for a try which Hayes converted just before half-time. Sarnia 8—Oakwood 0.

Sarnia secured the ball 35 yards out on a fumble and the first down. Hayes rounded left end for a touchdown which he failed to convert. Sarnia 13—Oakwood 0.

Penalties gave Oakwood the ball in Sarnia territory and Abbey kicked to Hanna who was forced to rouge shortly before three quarter time. Sarnia 13—Oakwood 1.

Scarlett ran back Hayes' kick to Sarnia's 35 yard line. Here Abbey kicked into touch at the 5 yard line. Oakwood secured a point when Hayes kicked into his own line. Sarnia 13—Oakwood 2. For the remainder of the game play continued around mid-field with Sarnia starting another offensive as the final whistle blew.

Immediately after the game the handsome trophy donated by the Mail and Empire was presented to

Capt. Richardson who responded with a few appropriate remarks thanking the donator of the trophy on behalf of the Sarnia team. The Oakwood captain congratulated Sarnia and the whole Toronto team proved themselves to be excellent sportsmen by royally entertaining the Sarnia team after the game.

FOOTBALL NOTES

The complete success that has characterized our football team in the last four years, can be summed up by repeating two words

Jack Newton. Jack's ability as a coach was materially shown when his team won the championship for the third successive year and es-

tablished a new record for all series in the O.R.F.U. Very few, but those in close connection with rugby matters at the S. C. I., know the real value of Jack's services to the school. Mr. Newton has taught his boys a lot of football but far greater than that, he has taught them the fine points of the bigger game of Life. The thanks of each and everyone of the members of the team are offered through the columns of this magazine to Honorary Coach Jack Newton. Nothing would suit the wishes of those leaving the school this year better than to have him continue to coach teams of the S. C. I. for many years to come.

* * *

The Board of Education has always been behind the rugby team but last fall their support was more forceably shown by a grant of \$200 for uniforms and supplies. To say that every member of the team was proud of his uniform would indeed be putting it mildly. No team that they met all season could compare



with the neat and trim appearance of our squad. This fact was always commented upon by the Press of other cities and the advertising thus obtained well repaid the Board for their outlay. The Rugby Club wishes to thank the Board for their loyal support of the team and to express their appreciation of the excellent uniforms provided them.

* * *

In the six O. R. F. U. games against the cream of the other districts the team rolled up a total of 104 points while their opponents collected 6 counters. No team crossed the S. C. I. line for a try, all six points being punted over.

* * *

Shortly after the rugby season Chic Garye announced his intention of leaving the S. C. I. to take up his studies at the Woodstock College. Thus the school lost one of the best all round athletes it had ever turned out and one of the most popular boys in the city.

* * *

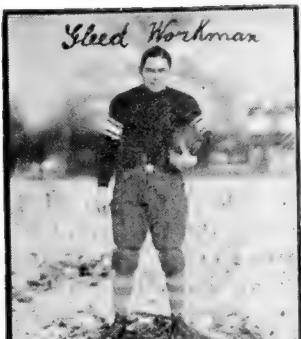
Never will the team forget the royal reception that the Alumni and Oakwood tendered them on the Toronto trip. A banquet, dance, and sight seeing tour kept them busy every minute and the school wishes to thank its Alumni and Oakwood C. I. who succeeded so well in making the visit a great success.

* * *

Mr. Goodison was one of the team's most ardent supporters last year just as in the past. His untiring work did much to make the visit in Toronto a grand success and his efforts were more than appreciated. He fulfilled his promise of a year ago to present another trophy if the team again won the championship. The presentation was made at the Commencement Exercises and the large cup was indeed a beauty. The team expresses its sincere thanks to Mr. Goodison for his gift and for his financial and moral support.

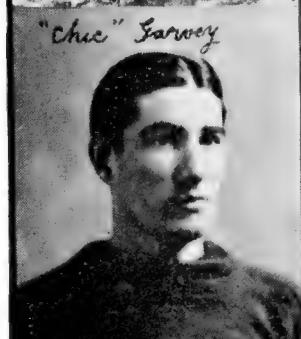
The official average weight of the team given before the final game was 146 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.

PERSONNEL OF RUGBY TEAM



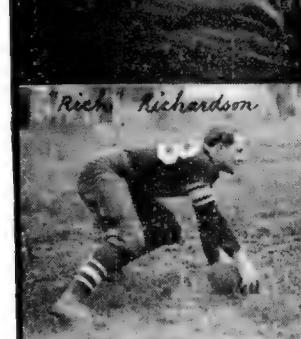
Gleed Workman
LEFT MIDDLE

A heavy fast lineman who shared with Brown the honours of this position. Gleed was an excellent plunger and defensive man.



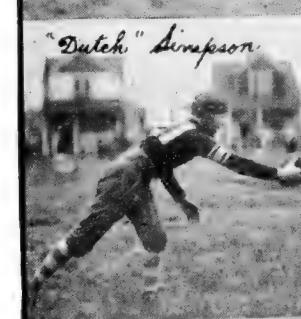
Charles Garvie
LEFT END

"Chic" easily outplayed his man in every game last year. Down on every kick he usually stopped the ball carrier in his tracks. On the receiving end of an inside kick or a long pass he was always good for yards. He well deserved the end position on the all Ontario team.



Jack Richardson
CAPTAIN AND SNAPBACK

Little need be said of Jack's thorough knowledge of the game. His all around effectiveness placed him on the all Ontario team. Every play was given a good start by his fast and accurate snapping and his tackling was perhaps the deadliest on the team. An inspiring leading leader who gave everything he had the whole sixty minutes.

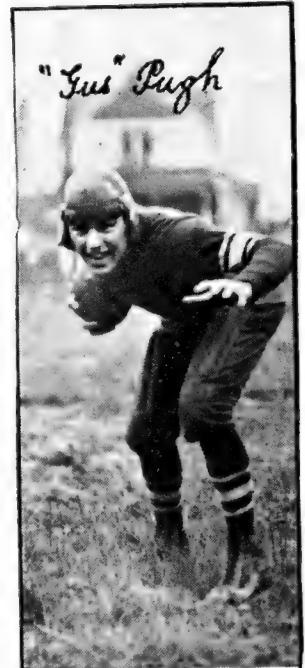


Edward Hanna
LEFT HALF

A rangy but husky man, "Dick" is the speed king of the team, and once started on an end run is impossible to overtake. Last year's experience combined with an increase of weight, has made him a brilliantly effective plunger as well as an elusive man in a broken field.

George Simpson
QUARTERBACK AND MANAGER

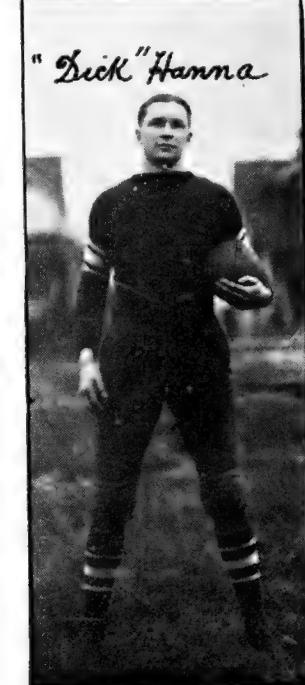
Another veteran of many seasons who was back at his old position last year. "Dutch" was an accurate passer who was sure to get every play out. He could always squirm through the line for the necessary yards and although rather light he was a hard tackle.



"Gus" Pugh

Fred Pugh
RIGHT MIDDLE

"Gus" was perhaps the most effective plunger on the team. Heavy, strong and fast he was an ideal lineman. He broke up many of the enemy's plays in the making by his low and hard tackling.

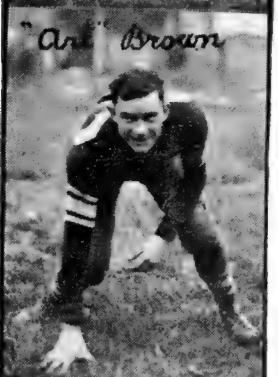


"Dick" Hanna



STANLEY MANORE
RIGHT END

Everything said of "Chic" could also be said of "Mose." The same build and type of player as Garye. Many were often puzzled just which was which. He could quickly take his opponent off the play and on the defensive it was a rarity for a man to get on the outside of him.



ROSS HAYES
CENTRE, HALF

"Buzz" was another all-Ontario selection. He could run, kick and pass with equal perfection and his generalship in directing the team-play was unerring. A star in every game.



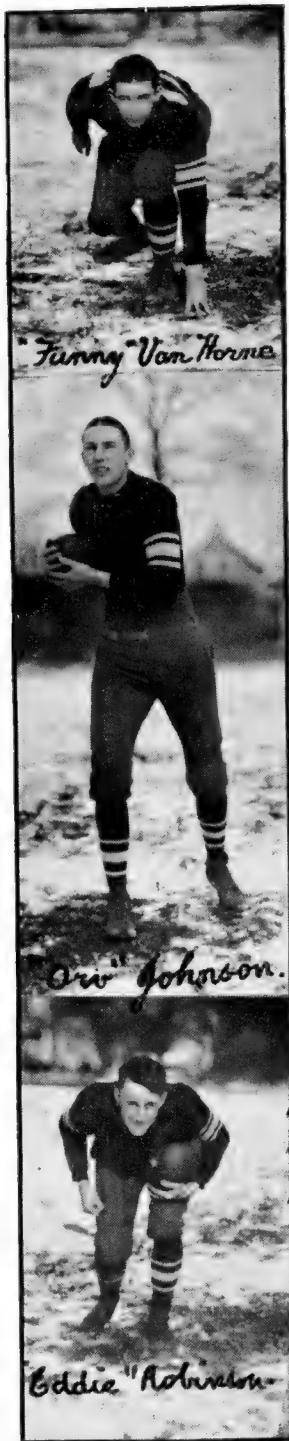
HIBBERT COREY
RIGHT HALF

One of the best plungers on the team, "Hib" could always gain ground if there was any semblance of a hole and as a tackle he could hit them hard. Injuries kept him out of a few games, but he was ever ready to step into the breach, when needed.

HARRY RANDOLPH
RIGHT INSIDE

Although not of the flashy type "Count" was one of the most consistent players on the team. A little light but aggressive. His presence at inside always steadied the line.





HAROLD VANHORNE
RIGHT INSIDE

When Harry was out of the game through illness "Funny" stepped into this position and made good from the start. Big and strong he was a hard man to hit.

KENNETH ROBINSON
LINEMAN

A hard and consistent worker, "Six" was always ready for either of the insides or middle positions. He aided materially in developing the weak spots of the line.

ORVILLE JOHNSON
FLYING WING

"Orv.", after an absence of two years started a comeback and showed remarkable form. He is heavier and faster than ever and his tackling and brilliant open field running featured every game. One of the team's booters also.

HAROLD MAITLAND
END

"Mate" served as understudy to both left and right end, and although he did not participate in many games he showed well when the opportunity did present itself.

CHAS. PARKS
LEFT INSIDE

The heaviest man on the team, "Tubby" was prominent this year by his improved tackling. The bucks that came his way were soon stopped. Slow but sure.

EDWARD ROBINSON

The handy man of the team, "Eddie" was the most versatile of all. He played snap, quarter and on the half-line, and was good at each position. One of the most promising players for next autumn.



SECOND RUGBY TEAM

Last fall the Seconds proved once again that they are indispensable and they helped more than ever in bringing the championship to the school. Night after night they gave their best against their older and more experienced opponents and nearly every practice meant a full turnout. As the Junior City League was abandoned last year the seconds were forced to book more games with outside twelves and trips were made to Petrolia, Wallaceburg and Chatham. The team was greatly handicapped by a constantly changing line-up as some of their men were claimed by the Firsts, but Captain Clifford Carter worked hard with those who were available. It is hoped that next year the Athletic Society will be in a position to grant the team more financial aid as no organization in the school deserves more encouragement and support.

Petrolia Juniors 0—Sarnia 0.

The Second team began their season by playing the Petrolia Junior O. R. F. U. entry in that town. The game was clean and the teams were evenly matched. Neither goal line was threatened as play for the most part was dead-locked about mid-field. Although the result was a scoreless tie, it was a moral victory for the Seconds over their older opponents.

Sarnia 5—Wallaceburg 0.

The season was opened at home when Wallaceburg were the visitors of the Seconds. Play had only commenced a few minutes when Newland injured his ankle and was replaced by Herchmer. The Syncarte team held Sarnia for the first period but thereafter the Seconds had full command of the game. Sarnia scored five rouges, while blanking their opponents.

Petrolia 3—Sarnia 2.

For the third game the Seconds motored to Petrolia for the first of

the annual series of home and home games with the High School team. Petrolia played a kicking game throughout and by so doing took the Seconds by surprise and won the game in the first few minutes of play. Although Sarnia strove hard to overcome the lead they were unsuccessful and the home team was the victor by a one point margin.

Wallaceburg 20—Sarnia 5.

The team was under strength for the return game with Wallaceburg as several players were unable to make the trip and others had been claimed by the Firsts. One full team was collected but two of them had never played for the seconds previously. Sarnia held for the first two periods but Wallaceburg forged ahead in the final stanza. The game was featured by the plays of McLean for Wallaceburg and Capt. Carter, Lebel and Grace for the seconds.

Sarnia 17—Chatham 0.

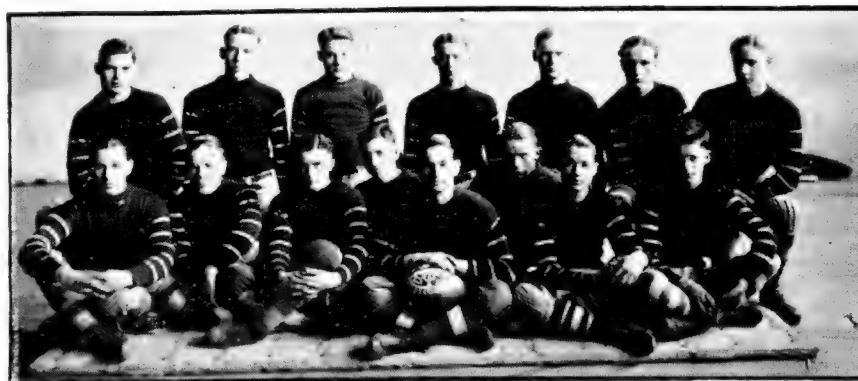
On Thanksgiving Day the Seconds motored to Chatham to play an exhibition game in that city. Sarnia's backfield work and trick plays had the home team at sea all through the game but they nevertheless put up a hard fight. It was Chatham's first year in football and their good showing promises a fine future for the sport there.

Sarnia 18—Chatham 0.

The return game was played in Sarnia as soon as the arrangements could be made. The Seconds were again much superior to their opponents. Simpson and Lebel featured with brilliant open field play. H. Carter was called upon to do the punting in the absence of Brown and put up a splendid game.

Petrolia 2—Sarnia 1.

The last game of the season was the return game of the Petrolia series. Petrolia brought over their



THE SECOND RUGBY TEAM

BACK ROW—H. CAMERON, F. ASHBY, H. CARTER, D. MACKLIN, C. PARSONS, T. NEWLAND, ST. C. GATES
SEATED—E. KENNEDY, T. HERCHMER, C. LEBEL, E. BARCLAY, C. CARTER (Capt.), C. GRACE,
S. BULMAN, F. MCGRATH.

strongest team in an effort to beat Sarnia on their own field. The result was a very hard fought game with Petrolia again the winners by one point. Owing to a late start a

full game could not be played and time had to be called with only a little over thirty minutes play. Hyatt's kicking featured for the visitors while Lebel and Simpson again starred for the Seconds

HOCKEY

Last year the S. C. I. was not represented in the City League but the team, which entered in the W.O.S.S.A. series had a very successful season. The blue and white were put out of the running by the fast Woodstock College six, who later won the championship. This year the school was once more entered in the race for city honours and made an excellent showing. The team was light but fast ad they always made their heavier and more experienced opponents play at the top of their form to win. After a long and hard season the gamest sextette in the league had the honour of finishing third best. Some of the young Collegiate players were finds of the season and with the talent developed this year, the future of hockey at the S.C.I. should indeed be bright.

Sarnia 5—Clinton 5.

In the W.O.S.S.A. the S. C. I. received a bye in the western group and was given the right to play off with the winners of the Watford, Petrolia and Forest series. Watford proved to be the ultimate winner and home and home games were arranged, but the S.C.I. were handed two disappointments when Watford defaulted both games with short notice. Sarnia was then ordered to meet Clinton C. I. in a sudden death game at Stratford.

The Clinton team was almost the same team that represented that town in the junior O. H. A. so the S. C. I. expected a hard game and received all they had expected. The Stratford Arena has a very large ice surface and both teams found this much to their liking. Sarnia set a fast pace from the starting gong and at the end of the first period the score was 4-1 in fa-

your of the S.C.I. Clinton took the first period to get settled down and replaced their goal tender who had been decidedly off form. During the second period both teams bulged the net once. Play was marked by close checking and some good combination rushes. Clinton staged a rally in the final stanza, registering three more counters and tying the score. The S.C.I. was unable to play off the tie as the team had to rush to the station to catch the train home. Hayes and Manore were Sarnia's outstanding stars, while Grant, playing his first game, was very steady. Elliot and Rorke were the pick of the Clinton six.

Clinton 6—Sarnia 2.

Two weeks later the teams again met to decide a winner; this time in London. Clinton showed a reversal of form and started into the fray with a rush. Their forwards were tricky and fast while the defence was harder than ever to beat. The Sarnia front line held its own with the Clinton forwards but had difficulty in locating the nets. For the first two periods Clinton had a big margin of the play and while blanking the S.C.I. they scored five goals. Sarnia came to life in the last period and ran in two counters in quick succession but the rally was too late and the Clinton sextette gained a deserved victory by six goals to two. For the winners Bawden and the Elliots were prominent with speed, weight and checking ability. LeBel, Manore, and Hayes were very effective for the S.C.I. and the whole team played a hard game. "Corker" Legg refereed to the satisfaction of both teams.

S. C. I. 7—Bear Cats 2.

On Thurs. Jan. 11, 1923, the school team opened their city league season with a victory over the Bear Cats by a score of 7-2. The game produced little real hockey as the S.C.I. team outplayed their opponents at every stage of the contest

and should have won by an even larger score. Both teams showed a lack of team work, as nearly all the goals were scored by individual rushes.

Roy Brown, playing his first city league game, was the best player on the ice. He alternated at centre, on the wing and defence and turned in a good game at every position. Lebel, bulging the net four times, led the scorers while Manore, Brown and Palmer had one each to their credit. For the Bear Cats Cameron in goal was best as it was only through his clever net-minding that the score was kept within reasonable proportions. Garvin and Wilson did the scoring for the losers. The first period score ended 2-0, the second 5-1 and the final tally 7-2.

S.C.I.: Goal, Richardson; defence, Manore and Palmer; centre, Robinson; wings, Macklin and Lebel; subs., Brown, Harkness.

Bear Cats: Goal, Cameron; defence, Prue and Fralick; centre, Wilson; wings, McMann; subs., Lynch and Whitecomb.

Muellers 5—Collegiate 2.

The second city league game was played on January 19th and the school six forced the league leading Mueller team to battle the whole sixty minutes. It was the fastest game that had yet been played and some real good hockey was shown to the small crowd of fans present. Muellers were expected to win the game by a large score but the Collegiate team was under-estimated and their excellent showing was the surprise of the night.

The back-checking of every S.C.I. player was a treat to watch and had the Mueller sextette bottled up nearly the whole game.

Muellers scored the only goal in the first period but the Collegiate had the count, two all at the end of the second period. In the last quarter the weight and experience of the Brassmakers began to wear out the school team and Robinson and Brown were injured. The win-



THE HOCKEY TEAM

STANDING: J. PALMER, R. HAYES, D. MCKAY, G. SIMPSON (Mgt.), S. MANORE, F. McGRATH, R. BROWN.
SITTING: T. HERCHMER, J. RICHARDSON, E. ROBINSON (Capt.), J. GRANT, C. LEBEL.

ners scored three goals and then fell back to play a defensive game. Manore was the best man on the ice and his rushing, checking and shooting was the feature of the night but every Collegiate player turned in a star game. McAllister, Maughn and Jackson were the best for the winners.

Muellers: McAllister, goal; defence, Mellon and G. Jackson; wings, Wilkinson, Maughn and D. Jackson; centre Jenkins and Burgess.

S.C.I.: Goal, Richardson; defence, Manore and Robinson; wings, Palmer and Lebel; centre, Brown and Macklin; subs, Harkins and Herchmer.

Imperials 7—S. C. I. 2.

After many postponements the Collegiate sextette finally met the Imperials on Feb. 19th and went down to defeat before their more experienced opponents. The school

team put up a stubborn and game battle all the way but the winners' hard checking and rushing were too much for them. Some hard luck shooting robbed the S. C. I. of a couple of goals but the Imperials were always in the lead and never in danger.

The Collegiate peppered shots from every angle at Joss but his extraordinary net minding was the star performance of the night and he was credited with 48 stops. Perry and Crouchman also were prominent for the winners with their close checking and accurate shooting. Manore and Lebel were the pick of the school team. The score by periods was 4-0, 1-0, 2-2.

S. C. I. 4—G. T. R. 1.

The Collegiate team sprang another city league surprise when they took a fall out of the rejuvenated Grand Trunk six. The Trunk team was strengthened by two for-

mer Point Edward players and with this additional strength they looked for an easy win.

The teams battled to no score in the first period but in the second the S. C. I. slammed four counters past the G. T. R. goalie and practically won the game. The lone G. T. R. tally came in the last quarter when the S. C. I. was playing a defensive game with a four goal lead. Poor ice made good hockey impossible and the play was confined almost wholly to the individual rushes.

For the winners Brown and Macklin played aggressive games while the defensive work of Manore and the rushing of Lebel had a lot to do with the victory. Clark and McLean were the only two on the G. T. R. team to show any hockey that might compare with that of the students.

Imperials 5—S. C. I. 4.

At the finish of the regular schedule the Imperials and the Collegiate were tied for second place and an extra game was necessary to decide a winner to meet Muellers for the championship. The Imperials were favoured to win the game with ease but the S. C. I. again upset the dope by forcing the Oilers to go into overtime periods for a victory.

The teams were evenly matched with the Imperial gathering all the breaks to squeeze out a win. Brown and Palmer were the pick of the S. C. I. team and they worked like Trojans all night. Manore's defensive play was again outstanding. Harris and Finch were the Imperial stars and it was the former who scored the winning goal in the final overtime period. The first period ended, Imperials 1—S.C.I. 0; the second, Imperials 2—S.C.I. 3; and in the third, Imperials 4—S.C.I. 4.

BASKETBALL

Basketball has always been one of the leading sports at the S. C. I. For years past the school has boasted of a strong court team, even under the handicap of a poor gymnasium at the old building. This year there has been a marked increase in attendance at basketball practices due no doubt to the excellent facilities available to lovers of this sport.

Only one member of last year's five having graduated, great things were expected from the team. Orville Johnson was elected captain and Hibbert Corey and Charles Woodrow managers. Under the able coaching of "Pete" Walls the team rapidly rounded into form and in their practice games with the seconds showed great scoring and defensive strength. Again this winter the S. C. I. was matched against Strathroy to decide the district winner to attend the London tournament in Easter week. After

two extremely hard fought games Strathroy was declared the winner on the round by one point, and the S. C. I. once more succumbed to the Strathroy Jinx. A number of exhibition games were then booked and the fans were treated to some thrilling contests.

Victoria 33—Sarnia 19

The Victoria College team stopped for their first game on Thursday, Jan. 4th, before starting into Michigan on a long tour. The S.C.I. made a very creditable showing for a light collegiate team, and held their heavier and more experienced opponents in close check throughout.

Robinson and Kennedy were the best for the losers and they were responsible for most of Sarnia's points. For the winners every man played a good game, our old friend Bob. MacDougal leading the scores with 10 points to his credit.



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

E. KENNEDY, F. SIMPSON, H. COREY, C. BROWN, E. ROBINSON, C. WOODROWE, O. JOHNSON.

Vic. scored 9 free shots while Sarnia dropped one through the basket.

The winners led at half time 12-5.

Lineup:

Victoria:—MacDougal Start, Gibbons, forwards; Burgess, centre; Bell, Brewer, Thornton, guards.

Sarnia:—Kennedy, Robinson, Simpson, Grace, forwards; Johnson, centre; Brown, Woodrowe, guards.

Jack Currie—Umpire.

Pt. Huron High School 16-Sarnia 13

On Friday, Jan. 12th, Port Huron High School were the visitors on the S.C.I. floor for the first time in two years. It was a return game as the S.C.I. team played in Port Huron last year. The invaders brought over a large contingent of rooters and their yells and cheer leaders were a feature of the evening. The game which was very fast

and interesting, was won by the American School by the close score of 16-13.

Port Huron scored 8 points on free shots, while Sarnia netted 3 by this method. The Sarnia defence were frequently penalized for body checks and holding, due to a misunderstanding of the new rules. In the first half the Sarnia forwards were off form in their shooting and Port Huron led 9-2 at the rest period. In the second period the school team had the better of the play and with but a few minutes left drew up within one point of tying the score before the visitors added a field goal to win by three points.

Robinson and Johnson were Sarnia's leading scorers, while Langford and Ross were best for the winners. Both Brown and Woodrowe on defense played good basketball, holding the fast American for-

wards in check throughout the game. The home forward line was broken up by the absence of Kennedy through illness but Haves showed up well with little practice.

Strathroy 11—Sarnia 2.

On Jan. 20th, the basketball team journeyed to Strathroy to play the first game in the W.O.S.S.A. series. The game was a poor exhibition of basketball and the small crowd in attendance were far from pleased. The referee, who was sent down by the league officials from London was very incompetent and unable to control the players. He was unfamiliar with the rules and called very few fouls with the result that the game became very rough and the checking close and hard.

The Sarnia team were handicapped by the small floor space and the low ceiling stopped many of their long shots. Strathroy took the lead from the start and were never headed, the half time score being 7-2.

Robinson injured his hand and was forced to retire in the first period, while Johnson received a deep cut over the eye. Many players on both teams were knocked out as a result of the heavy checking. Strathroy scored 3 points on free shots and Sarnia none. Johnson made Sarnia's single basket. Both teams protested the official to the league executive.

Lineups:—

Strathroy—Smith, Linton, Burkholder, Lamont, forwards; Nickolson, Wyatt, Whitling, guards.

Sarnia—Kennedy, Robinson, Simpson, Johnson, forwards; Corey, Brown and Woodrowe, guards.

Sarnia 20—Strathroy 12.

The return game with Strathroy was played on Feb. 2, and it proved to be the most exciting game played in Sarnia in recent years. With a lead of 9 points Strathroy put up a strong defensive game and although the Blue and White on several occasions had the round tied up,

they were never in the lead in total points.

In the first half Sarnia had much the better of the play and it appeared that the lead would be easily overcome, but once the visitors got "acclimated" they put a glimmer in the school's championship hopes. Strathroy has always been the S. C. I.'s breakdown and this year's close game again showed that the jinx is still with us.

Strathroy scored only two field goals, but Nickolson put in a large majority of his freeshots, and Sarnia had many fouls charged against them. The half time score was 14-7 in Sarnia's favor. Every Sarnia player put up a good game and fought till the final whistle to overcome the lead, but Kennedy for his all around effectiveness should be given special mention. Johnson led the scorers with 12 points, while Nickolson was best for the visitors with 8 to his credit. Referee Smith of London knew the game thoroughly, and little or nothing escaped his sight.

Lineups:—

Strathroy: Smith and Orr, forwards; Nickolson, centre; Wyatt, Whitling and Burkholder, guards.

Sarnia: Kennedy, Simpson and Robinson, forwards; Johnson, centre; Brown, Corey and Woodrowe, guards.

S. C. I. 23—London Elks 3.

The S. C. I. quintette experienced little difficulty in defeating the Askin Street Elks of London 23-3 in an exhibition in the school gymnasium. At times the visitors showed flashes of good basketball but lack of practice and condition seemed to be their biggest drawback. The school forwards worked smoothly while the Elks were unable to penetrate the stiff defence put up by the Sarnia guards.

The half-time score read 14-3 and in the final period four more baskets and one free throw were credited the Sarnia five. Kennedy, Corey and Johnson were the pick of the

winners, each of them contributed many points to the S. C. I. total. For the Elks, Balkwell was easily the star. He played a hard, effective game but was unfortunate in his shooting. Jack Currie officiated to the satisfaction of both teams.

Chatham 15—S. C. I. 7.

On Mar. 10th the S. C. I. team journeyed to the Maple City for their annual clash with the Chatham Collegiate. The game was perhaps the roughest in which the Sarnia boys participated this year. The poor lighting system of the Chatham gym proved to be a considerable handicap to the S. C. I. forwards and few points were scored. The game was featured by close checking, the first half ending with the score 8-7 in favour of Chatham.

Simpson and Johnson were the outstanding players for Sarnia, while Rutherford was the pick of the winners.

After the game the Sarnia team were the guests at a dance in the gymnasium and succeeded in spending a very enjoyable evening.

Sarnia 32—Windsor 13

On Saturday, March 17th, the Senecas of Assumption High School Windsor, were the guests at the school gymnasium. The visitors did not measure up to the standard of teams that the local five had been meeting and the result was an easy victory for the S.C.I. The Senecas scored but two field goals and their attack was woefully weak. The offensive and defensive work was the best of the season, and the game the game was not long under way before the S. C. I. quintette had amassed a comfortable lead. In the last half the line-up was shifted, but the winners did not extend themselves, with the result that the Senecas appeared to the best advantage in the last ten minutes. The half-time score was 22-6. O'Leary at centre was by far the best for the losers, scoring nine free throws for

the bulk of the points. Kennedy and Johnson were Sarnia's leading scorers, but the whole team was very effective. Jack Currie officiated.

Elks 30—S. C. I. 17.

On March 24th the return game with the Elks was played at the London Y.M.C.A. gymnasium. The Elks showed a complete reversal of form which surprised the Sarnia quintette who at no time proved really dangerous. Sarnia's wide margin in the first game gave them the round by 7 points.

Shaw was the London star and most brilliant and effective player on the floor. He scored 14 points and had many long spectacular shots to his credit. Balkwell also was a leading scorer. Simpson, Johnson and Kennedy were the pick of the losers with the first named heading the scoring list with 8 points. The Sarnia forwards combined well but could not penetrate the stiff London defense. The half time score was 14-11 in the Elks favour.

When the Chatham team did not arrive in time for a return game many fans were disappointed as a very close contest had been anticipated. The Chatham five had been to Detroit and were returning by radial but owing to poor connections they did not reach the school till almost ten o'clock. Nevertheless they enjoyed the dance which followed the girls' game and all agreed that the trip had not been made in vain.

SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM

The second team was late in organizing this season and consequently little was heard of them. A constantly changing lineup also marred their effectiveness but many promising players were developed that should make their presence known in no uncertain terms next winter. Many a night did they engage the firsts in battle—and what

battles they were! Many pugilists of note were discovered in the disguise of a basketball uniform!

A home and home series with Wallaceburg High was arranged and the first game took place as a preliminary to the girls' game with St. Thomas C. I. Although not much good basketball was shown by either team the contest was extremely interesting from a football standpoint. Incidentally Sarnia won the game by a 21-7 score.

In the return game two weeks later Wallaceburg accomplished the unique feat of blanking the Sarnia would-be-basketeters 10-0 in a weird wrestling and boxing exhibition. The referee was totally unfamiliar with the rules, allowing the players to run wild. Although the seconds did not bulge the basket once, they won the round by four points.

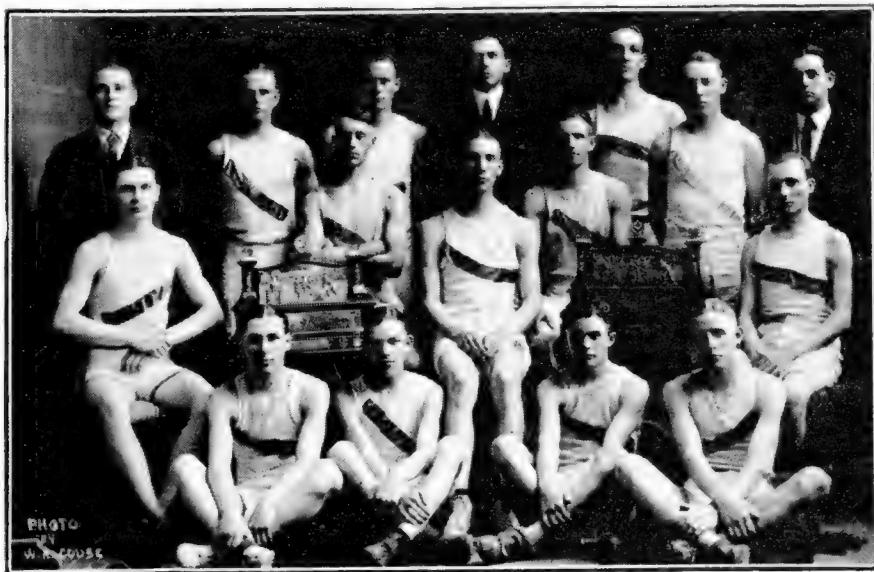
Personnel: Guards: G. Simpson, Park and Hanna; Centres: Bryden and Gates; Forwards: F. Simpson, Grace, Barclay and Randolph.

W. O. S. S. A. TRACK MEET

The third annual W.O.S.S.A. track meet was held in London on Sat. May 27th, 1922 at Queens Park, and was the greatest meet of its kind ever held in the province. Having caused the postponement of the meet for one week by a three days' rain, the weather man smiled upon the athletes and supplied ideal weather for the students of the various schools of the thirteen counties of Western Ontario. The athletes from Sarnia Collegiate established a record that will stand for years to come when they captured the Junior and Senior team trophies and also both individual championships. The Sarnia senior team collected 34½ points, while Windsor was second with 20 points and the juniors amassed a total of 36 points, 16 ahead of their nearest opponent, London. Both teams took an early lead in the race for school honours and concluded by winning the relays, the last two events on the card.

Orv. Johnston turned in a wonderful performance by winning the Senior Individual Championship. His victory in the pole vault over Nicholson of Strathroy and the establishing of a new record of 10 feet was indeed noteworthy. Johnston also broke the record in the high jump when he cleared the bar at 5 ft. 4 in. In the high hurdles he was beaten by Wakefield of Windsor by

only a few inches, the latter clipping 4-5 sec. off Johnny Lebel's record of 19 sec. R. Perry of Windsor had a great day, winning three firsts, breaking one record and equalling another. As each member of the winning relay team was credited with five points, Johnston's total was raised to 18 points and he was awarded the senior shield. Hanna was second to Moody of St. Thomas in the 100 yards final in another close finish in which the record was lowered to 10 2-5 sees. In the 220 yds. final the order was reversed and again another new record of 23 sec. flat was made. B. Speers surprised everyone by coming out on top in the senior shot-put for another five points. D. McKay added another point by taking third in the hurdles, as did C. Grace with the same place in the pole vault. K. Robinson's fourth in the 440 yds. earned another ½ point. "Dutch" Simpson had little trouble in winning the Junior Championship. In the low hurdles George broke Moody's record of 17 sec. set in 1920, by 3-5 sec. First in the high jump, second in the broad jump, and a member of the relay team brought his total up to 18 points, five above his nearest competitor, K. Hunter of London. Ed Kennedy ran a nice race in the half-mile but was nosed out for first place by C. Walters of Listowel, who had to break Ted's record of a



JUNIOR AND SENIOR TRACK TEAMS

STANDING—J. RICHARDSON, C. GRACE, D. MCKAY, E. WINHOLD (Coach), B. SPEARS, K. ROBINSON, C. CARTER.
2ND ROW—E. HANNA, E. ROBINSON, O. JOHNSON (Sr. Capt.), R. HAYES, F. SIMPSON.
FRONT ROW—E. KENNEDY (Jr. Capt.), D. DUPUIS, C. LEBEL, G. SIMPSON.

year ago to win and incidently bettered the work for the same event made by Perry, the senior winner. Kennedy also took third in the 440 yds. and was a member of the relay. "Buzz" Hayes romped home in front of the pack in the junior century, and was third in three other events, the hurdles, the broad jump, and the shot-put. Charley Lebel collected six more points with second place in both the 100 and 220 yds. dashes. The Sarnia team simply outclassed the opposition in the relay winning with many yards to spare.

The trophies, shields and medals were presented at the grounds immediately after the close of the meet and it was with some difficulty that the heavy-laden Sarnia teams departed from the park. Returning home on the International Flyer, the victors were met at the station by an enthusiastic errowd, and took part in a procession through the main streets of the city.

Track Notes

Both junior and senior teams take this opportunity of thanking Mr. E. P. Winhold for the time, attention and patience he has given them. His task was no easy one but the success with which he has met speaks for itself. We only hope that Mr. Winhold will be able to coach us again this year.

* * *

Further proof that the city is behind us in every undertaking was shown by the Luncheon Club of the Chamber of Commerce when a banquet was arranged for the Champions at which a photo of the team was presented to each member. We thank you again, C. of C.!

* * *

Not many of the rooters that accompanied the team to London will soon forget the rough battle waged with the L.C.I. students in the grand-stand. The latter attempted to outcheer the Sarnia contingent

and met with the same success as their team.

* * *

"Gordon" Richardson and "Tubby" Carter, the team's trainers, need no further osteopathic training.

* * *

The next meet will be held this year on May 19, so an early start

will be necessary if the trophies are to remain here.

* * *

Bob Wilkinson's illness was a big loss to the team. In practice Bob did some splendid sprinting and several times he had lowered the 440 record. Ridley now claims a runner of much promise.

BASEBALL

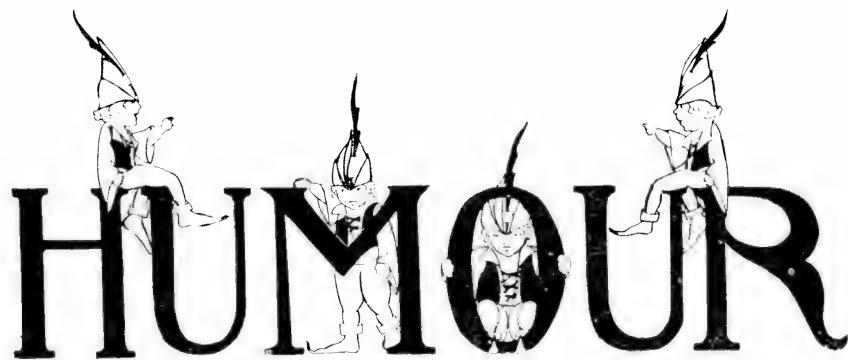
Baseball has always held a popular place in the sporting activities of the school. The diamond pastime has attracted a large following in the years past, but for several reasons the game has not advanced as far as it might under better conditions. The approach of the examination, a poor diamond and the interest shown in track events have all tended to put baseball in the background, but every season a revival has been attempted with more or less success. Although the S.C.I. nines could never boast of any Cobbs, Ruths or Sislers on the line-up they always succeeded in obtaining the scalps of some American high school team at least once every season.

Last spring the S. C. I. once again hooked up with the Port Huron Senior High team in that city

and came out on the short end of a 9-5 score. The return game never matured, but in the series with the Junior High and St. Clair, Sarnia proved far superior to their opponents. These games were played at the Athletic Park, as the school campus with a short left-field fence was an easy mark for some of the club's home run celebrities. Coach Fowler assisted by Ted Cook, manager, and Captain Johnson, collected a team that would do justice to any high school.

This spring finds us with a much larger and better campus where a diamond of regulation size can be constructed. With this new opportunity it is hoped that the S.C.I. will devote more time to baseball, so that in the future it may become one of the major sports of the school.





HUMOUR

Ro-me-o and Juli-et

Down on the river bank they met
 Did Romeo and Juliet;
 He placed her hand in his and said,
 "Fair Juliet, I would thee wed."
 "Indeed," said she, "Come, let us go
 A-boating. You can Ro-me-o."
 And as the hours so quickly sped
 A lunch before his love he spread;
 Said he, "Come, let us eat my pet."
 So Romy-rowed while Juli-et.

Nix.

* * * *

The Run

On he came, straining every muscle with that precious ball tucked under his arm. On his arms shone the well known bands of colour in the autumn sun; a panting, desperate mass of men followed at his heels. The question, would he make it or not, throbbed in his agonized brain. * * But could it be that he was running away from the goal?

You said it, Oscar, and he wouldn't go back to that stone pile if he could help it!

* * * *

Young Husband—"It seems to me, my dear, that there is something wrong with this cake."

The Bride (smiling triumphantly)—"That shows how much you know about it. The cook book says its perfectly delicious!"

* * * *

Calcott—"We have pictures in our room but you haven't!"

Crompton—"Never mind, we have lots of scenes!"

* * * *

A drunken man threw his arms around a telegraph post and then began to feel the pole with his hands. Round and round he went. Finally he gave it up and muttered, "No use. Walled in."

* * * *

Poor Business

"Are you the photographer?"

"Yes, madam."

"And do you take children's pictures?"

"Yes, madam."

"How much do you charge?"

"Seven dollars a dozen."

"Well, I'll have to see you again, I've only got eleven."

Boost and the world boosts with you,
 Knock and you're on the shelf;
 For the world gets sick of the man who kicks
 And wishes he'd kick himself.

* * * *

Girl (in tears)—“Why did you come to the game drunk?”
 Brute—“\$ economical. See two games for one ticket!”

* * * *

Miss Harris—“Fergus, tell us about Pitt's private life.”
 Allaire (sleepily)—“Huh-er-ah-. He didn't have one, did he?”

* * * *

Third year student, gushingly—“Oh, I think swimming marvellous, so uplifting!”
 Impertinent Freshette—“Yes, if you can't swim.”

* * * *

On Train from Toronto

Mr. Fielding (to newsie)—“How much are your 5c chocolate bars?”
 Newsie—“Buy one and see!”

* * * *

Miss Ferguson—“How would you punctuate this sentence? Jenny a pretty girl is going down the street.”

Conn—“I should make a dash after Jenny.”

* * * *

“Sst”

“What?”

“Have you any chloroform?”

“Yes.”

“Don't breathe it!”

* * * *

Mr. Dore (In Physical Geography class discussing Achean period) “What happened at the end of the period?”

M. Bentley—“The bell rang.”

* * * *

Oswald—“I bet my brother is stronger than yours.”

Percy—“He ain't not. My big brother can lift a hundred pounds.”

Oswald—“Shucks, that ain't nothin. I heard my big brother say he brought home a little mule on his hip!”

* * * *

Boy—“Say, Grandpop, are we descendants of monkeys?”

Grandpop—“Why gracious no! Our folks came from Wales.”

* * * *

Things We Would Like to Know

Does a ship have eyes when it goes to sea?

Why does a deaf and dumb man say things off hand?

Are the people in China stupid because their population is so dense?

Would a man who never takes a drop make a good aviator?

* * * *

The Kurds have refused our offer on Near East Relief food.”

“Evidently, they insist on having their own whey.”

* * * *

“Mary must be a pretty wild girl.”

“How's that?”

“I heard her father say that he could hardly keep her in clothes.”

* * * *

Curious one (to wireless operator)—“What makes all those pauses in music?”

Operator—“Sparrows on the aerial picking off the currents.”

PERSONALS OF UPPER SCHOOL

There's a man in our form named Hayes

Who likes to play hockey he says.
Mr. Grant says with luck
He will just miss a pluck,
If he studies the rest of his days.

Of Corey we fondly do rave,
And the great fund of knowledge
he'll save,
For he's king of the Lit.,
And he edits a bit,
But we've never yet seen him look grave.

And now we will sing about Brush,
With money he always seems flush;
Among girls he's right there
With his cute curly hair
And he's never been seen in a rush.

Of course we can't leave out our Spears,
Whose questions drive teachers to tears,
But this fact is true
He will surely get through,
Without trying four or five years.

And then there is Tommy our slicker,
At his work he is surely a sticker.

* * * *

A coon was speaking to a white man and laughing uproariously;
"Boss Ah had a dream last night. Ah dreamed that ah went to hebben and when ah got there ah learned that every cent was worth a million dollars, and every minute was a million years long."

"Well Sambo, I don't see anything so funny in that."

"But, boss, ah saw Peter that day and I said to him, says I, "Peter can you lend me a cent?" and he says "yes in a minute."

* * * *

"I thought you said young Blanchard was a good man. I don't see him around your office."

I didn't say that. I said he was fired with zeal and energy."

* * * *

Today's Great Thought

"If a cannibal eats his father's sister what is he?"

"Ant-eater, dumbell!"

"If a cannibal eats his mother and father, what is he?"

"An orphan, foolish!"

"If a cannibal eats his wife's mother, what is he?"

"Gladiator, strike three!"

* * * *

Colored chassieur (on a dark night to passenger) "Excuse me, sah, would yo' mind holdin' out yo' hand? I'se gwine to turn the next corner!"

Prospective buyer—"I'd like to buy a good car."

'Stewy' Bulman—"That's fine. Just hitch your bank roll to a Star."

* * * *

ADVICE TO GIRLS

How to Act at a Football Game

1. Always ask lots of questions in a loud tone of voice. It is enlightening to you, your partner and to the rest of the stands. It is also a source of entertainment and diversion during an exciting moment.

2. Be sure and say, "What did they do that for?" after every play. It is conducive to self-control and ingenuity especially on the part of him.

3. Always applaud when your home team gets penalized. This shows a deep appreciation of the game and permits your "sweetie" to understand that you "just love to see fair play."

x. Never cheer for the home team. It is very unladylike and you're liable to catch cold in your teeth.

p. If some one places a heavy hand upon a treasured hat of yours, remark in a pleasant shriek mingled with juicy fruit "Sumfolksthinkthey're smart." The effect will be picturesque.

III. Don't forget to ask him why he isn't playing to-day. "Surely they must miss such a good player as you told me your were!—What are all the people laughing at me for?"

X. Be sure and ask the score after the game is over. Also try and find out the name of the teams and why they played as they did. "And who is that terrible man who always threw the ball out of reach of the other team? I don't think he played fair."

ww. Don't be surprised if you have to walk home alone. Some people don't appreciate good company.

* * * *

—Lyre.

Carter—"How do you like the picture I drew?"

Hanna—"The horse is good but where is the wagon?"

Carter—"Oh, the horse will draw that!"

* * * *

Mr. Grant—"What is 'arbitratus'?"

Pugh—"A participle, isn't it?"

Mr. Grant—"No!"

Pugh—"Well, Caesar is thinking, isn't he?"

Mr. Grant—"Yes, but you're not!"

* * * *

They All Do It!

I know a boy who has a girl
The only one on earth;
You can find the price of radium
But you'll never know her worth;
Thus he lauds her in the evening,
He dreams of her at night,
And through the day his ravings
Of his girl, sure are a fright.
But she isn't wild about him
In fact she likes them all.
Oh! when you meet a girl you like
Don't let her know you fall.
And so this boy of whom I write
Whose heart for one girl melts
Devotes his time to winning her,
While she vamps someone else!

A. Brown, IV.

After seeing some of the new Freshmen we are inclined to favour Mr. Darwin's presentation of the case rather than that of the esteemed Mr. Bryan.

* * * *

Nell—"Don't you think Tosti's "Goodby" is thrilling?"

Bell—"Why, my dear, he has never called on me."

* * * *

Frosh—"Hawaii?"

Soph—I Hayti tell you."

Senior—"Aw, Guam."

* * * *

Nice Boy

Voice (from dark parlor)—"My, but your nose is cold."

Helpful brother (to irate father who was suspicious)—"Gee, Pop, I bet Rover is in the parlor again."

* * * *

Try Georgette

"So, you are the music professor."

"Yes, I wrote Annie Laurie—but she never answered me."

* * * *

"Your stuffing me," said the mattress to the factory hand.

* * * *

"Did you ever hear of a person killed by an empty stare?"

"No, but I know of a guy who got a broken arm due to an empty stair."

* * * *

The people's Choice—Ritchie.

The Choice's Choice—Wyn Bell.

* * * *

"How do you know Glen Elford doesn't know anything about sport?"

"Why, he said he remembered Babe Ruth when she was a chorus girl!"

* * * *

Parks—"I'm trying to grow a moustache and I am wondering what colour it will be when it comes out."

Randolph, dryly—"At the rate it is growing I should think it would be grey."

* * * *

Professor (after a trying first hour class)—"Some time ago my doctor told me to exercise with dumbbells early every morning. Will the class report to-morrow before breakfast?"

* * * *

If anything disturbs the soul,
Of careful Mr. Dore,
It is a microscopic speck,
Of ink upon the floor.
If anything disturbs the class
And gives us all a kink,
It is to be forever told
To watch the bloomin' ink!

F. Clark. Apologies to Mr. Dore.

* * * *

Fred Pugh was riding down the street in his Ford with one foot hanging out the side.

Small boy—"Hey, Mister! Where's your other roller skate?"

* * * *

Pugh—"Going to have dinner anywhere to-night?"

D French, (eagerly)—"Why no, not that I know of."

Pugh—"Say, you'll be awfully hungry by morning!"

It was at the Senior Masquerade and the little Freshman in his Roman costume sat mournfully watching the dancers. A kindly Senior approached him and said;

"Hello, are you Appius Claudius?"

"No," was the mournfully reply, "I'm Unappius L."

* * * *

Personnel of IIC

Oh a bright and clever lot
Are the pupils of IIC.
Though the teachers think we're not—
But well - - - we ought to be.

(For)

There is Miss Almira Brown,
Who excells in dancing fine.
She is known through all the town
As a star in every line.

Malcolm Clarry, the preacher's son,
Is really a cute little shaver.
He never has his homework done,
And is always on good behaviour (?)

In the orchestra, too, we have a part,
Miss Lapham, the "fiddle" plays well,
It really seems she has a heart
For music - - - who can tell?

Kenneth Owens,, a likely lad,
And president of our form,
Who never thinks of anything sad,
But misses his old pal "Norm."

Peggy Maitland is our Irish Colleen,
To prove it—just look at her grace,
She does not have to wear the green,
To tell us "She's one of the race."

Of a flapper too our form can boast,
'Bell' helps the class along.
She is one of the clever host,
Who always sings a cheerful song.

'Happy' Durance, properly Harry,
Has read every book in print.
You never see him unless he is merry,
With his eyes in a mirthful squint.

And there are others of whom we could write,
Had we but talent and time,
Hosts of others—equally bright,
That should be in this rhyme.

"Dulph" IIC

* * * *

"I had my nose broken in three places last summer."
"Why do you persist in going to those places."

Recognize These

"There go your books sonny,"—'Safe' Brown.
 "Would you like my 'mawster' key?"—Janitor.
 "To use a slang word; a thing I never do."—Miss Jones.
 "Is there a dance after the game?"—Rhoda Bolton.
 "And those infants in the first form?"—I. Misner.
 "I heard that at the club,"—O. Johnson.
 "Guess I'll go up to the Domestic Science room and get something to eat."—V. Kirkpatrick.
 "Everyone fall in two lines,"—Miss Scarrow in drill.
 "Another day gone and nothing done,"—C. Grace.
 "All those absent stand up,"—Mr. Grant.
 "Say, I can't draw,"—Fred Pugh.

* * * *

Latest Song Hits

Three O'clock in the Morning—Alumni Dance.
 O! How I hate to go home alone,—Rhoda Bolton.
 After the ball is over,—Hayes converting.
 Down in the land where the Bamboo Babies grow.—J. Conn down in Com.
 I love you truly,—Win Bell.
 I wish I could Shimmy like my Sister Kate—Mary Heffron.
 Some Sunny Day,—D. Couse taking snaps for the magazine.
 Baby Blue eyes.—Gladys McGinnis.
 When the leaves come tumbling down.—Overflow of S. C. I. lockers.
 Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Sheen—Brush and Bulman.
 Oogie-oogie, Wa Wa.—Charlie and Jane.
 Homesick—Football team in Toronto?
 Sweet Hortense.—V. Gigax.
 Hot Lips—Pugh (on his cornet)?

* * * *

Shocking

Down on the sands they sat, watching the sunset on the lake. He, looking off across the lake, was probably thinking of some one far away. She sat motionless, gazing at him intensely with her dark brown eyes. He knew that she was trying to make him see her love for him, but he continued watching the golden sun. After some moments he turned towards her holding out his arms. With a bound she was in his lap, and he smiled as he stroked the collie's head.

* * * *

Senior—"Why are some of the boys so backward about playing football?"
 Fresh—"Somebody spread the story around that the coach was the only one who could make the team."

* * * *

Robinson (soulfully)—"Ah, what is more tempting than a beautiful girl to be hold."

Sloane—"A live one to be held."

* * * *

He—"How about a few holes of golf in the mornning Angy? What do you go around in?"

She—"Oh, Algy, you're so personal!"

* * * *

"Hello, I want to order a box for to-morrow. There will be six in the party."

Voice over wire—"But they only come in single sizes, we'll have it made special."

"Is this the Imperial?"

"No this is Phillips, the undertaker."

Relativity

Bulman (after waiting fifteen minutes for his soup)—“Waiter, have you ever been to the Zoo?”

Waiter—“No, Sir.”

Bulman—“Well, then, you ought to go. You’d enjoy watching the snails whiz past!”

* * * *

Why not adopt this for Bed-time stories in the writing of a football game.

Fatty Fullback ran up to the big, bouncing ball just as Mr. Referee blew, oh! such a loud shrill, blast on his nice new whistle. He kicked the ball hard and my! you should have seen Quicky Quarterback and Tiny Tackle and all their friends running lickety-split, down the field. Little Jimmy Cricket just sat there in the grass and chirped with astonishment when all those big men went by, clumpety-clump, clumpety-clump!

And the way they all jumped on the man who caught the ball! You would have thought they were Farmer Brown’s boys pouncing on the poor little mole that came out of his cumfy tunnel and ran across the lawn last Tuesday. Well pretty soon they all fell down. Then Mr. Referee, who was a good kind man, blew his whistle and ran round, and they all stood up. That was nice but before you could say “Jack Robinson” they all began to run and catch at each other something like ‘Prisoner’s Base.’

To-morrow we’ll see what Quicky Quarterback did after the game, and how he bought some cider from Farmer Brown.

* * * *

He—“I see where one astronomer claims now that he has definite proof that human beings exist on Mars.”

She—“And do you suppose they play football up there?”

He—“I suppose if they do they’re all star players!”

* * * *

“Been to church this morning?”

“Do my clothes look as though they have been slept in?”

* * * *

“Is pants singular or plural?”

“If a man wears them it’s plural.”

“Well, if he doesn’t—”

“It’s singular!”

* * * *

Willis—“Just think those Spanish hidalgos would go three thousand miles on a galleon.”

Gillis—“Nonsense. You can’t believe half what you read about those foreign cars.”

* * * *

Upper School student—“What would you say if I flunked in four subjects?”

Freshman—“Get out, you’re fooling.”

Student—“That’s what the principal said.”

* * * *

“What happened at Smith’s funeral?”

“Well the minister spoke then we passed around the beir.”

“Great Guns! To think I missed it.”

* * * *

Ritchie—“Did I ever show you where I was tattooed?”

Girl—“No.”

Ritchie—“Well we can drive around that way.”

* * * *

Eve—“S’matter, Adam? Why so restless?”

Adam—“Dawgonit, I used poisoned Ivy for my winter overcoat.”

THE FLAPPER

They call her a little flapper,
But why, I do not know,
I wonder if it is because
She would rather go fast than slow.

In the good old summer-time
When the heat is up to form,
She usually wears her heavy furs,
Why? Surely not to keep warm.

In winter when the bitter air
Is filled with flying snow,
The little maid is clad in silk,
But why, I do not know.

In every school you see her,
From seniors down to froshes,
And the only objection that I raise
Is the flapping, slapping goloshes.

—L. Stuart Bulman, Upper School

* * * *

Simple

"How did your dad know you had the car out?"
"Well, you see, I ran over him."

* * * *

"I believe it must be the library that is on fire."
"Why?"

"I can see the smoke issuing in volumes."

* * * *

Daughter (admiring a set of mink skins from father)—"I can hardly realize
that these beautiful furs come from such a small sneaking beast."
Father—"I don't ask for thanks my dear but I must insist on respect."

* * * *

Corey—"That rope you're smoking can almost walk can't it?"

Ritchie—"Why it might, if it were taut."

* * * *

Hints to History

- (1) How many no-hit games were pitched by Alexander the Great?
- (2) Compare the Fall of Rome with the winter of 834 B. C.?
- (3) Who held the bag when the Gauls sacked Rome?
- (4) The Story of the Wooden Horse.
- (5) What was the batting average of Homer?

* * * *

Harry—"Every time she smiles it reminds me of Pullman car at eight o'clock
in the evening."

Ab—"Howsat?"

Harry—"No lowers and very few uppers left."

* * * *

There was a young fellow named Willie,
Who acted exceedingly sillie,
He went to a ball
Dressed in nothing at all.
Pretending to represent Chile.

Don't Breathe it to a Soul

Willa Garroch is a speed demon on water wings.
 Mr. Winhold is afraid of a mouse.
 Thelma Neely intends taking up classical dancing.
 Wyn Bell composed the "Siren Song."
 Louise Needham's white hair is due to over work.
 Charlie Woodrow is poetically inclined.
 Pat Crompton is going to take up music at the University of Pt. Lambton.
 Inez Misner hates Rodolph Valentino.
 Hibbert Corey likes to have his picture taken.
 Charlie Brown never studies.

* * * *

Where to Find Them

Eddie Robinson—Belchamber Apts.
 L. Myers—At the Imperial.
 H. Maitland—Dominion Cafe.
 Wyn Bell—School Library.
 J. Richardson—with Wyn.
 C. Brown, M.P.—At Home.
 G. Simpson—in the ditch.
 G. Bradley—Swimming pool.
 Rugby Team in London—Winter Garden.
 In Toronto—Westminster.
 In St. Thomas—Impossible.

* * * *

He—"Would you scream if I kissed you Little Girl?"
 She—"Little girls should be seen not heard."

* * * *

Fair Maiden—"Will you start "Whispering"?"
 Cautious Stude—"Is your father at home?"

* * * *

Ike—"Some women are like spaghetti."
 Mike—"How's that."
 Ike—"You think you've got them but they slip away."

* * * *

Gordon—"You better get a haircut."
 Brown—"Why so?"
 Gordon—"Well that's cheaper than buying a violin."

* * * *

"Tried to teach my girl to skate at the rink."
 "What'd she do?"
 "She didn't like it and sat on me."

* * * *

"Was there a crowd at the Strathroy basket ball dance?"
 "I'll say there was. It was a regular gym jam."

* * * *

"Did you call Edith this morning?"
 "Yes, but she wasn't down."
 "Why didn't you call her down?"
 "Because she wasn't up."
 "Then call her up now and call her down for not being down when you called
 her up."

* * * *

He—"Would you accept a pet monkey?"
 She—"Oh, I would have to ask father. This is so sudden."

Football by Radio

The Old Man, out in Camlachie, tuned in on a rather garbled version:—

Sarnia kicked off and — — Amalgamated Prunes drops $2\frac{1}{2}$ points, Hair Oil rises — — the ball was received by Hanna — — but no trace of it could be found in the slain couple's room — — a drop in the temperature is expected in the Great Lakes Region — — but the referee said — — Little Tommy Titmouse was a bad little mouse to do such a thing — — Whereupon Gavie snatched up the ball and was only stopped — — by Federal agents just outside the three mile limit — — Ray! ray! ray! Sarnia! Sarnia! — — and so, little boys and girls, always be kind to dumb beasties — — who failed to make the try for point

— — — — And he read the score in next day's paper.

Easily Done

Jordan—"A donkey was tied to a rope six feet long and eighteen feet away, there was a bundle of hay. How did he get to the hay?"

Morris—"Oh, I've heard that before, you want me to say, 'I give up' and then you'll say, 'So did the donkey'."

Jordan—"No, not at all."

Morris—"Then how did he do it?"

Jordan—"Just walked to the hay and ate it. The other end of the rope wasn't tied to anything!"

* * * *

You can always draw queens if you have the jack.

* * * *

Old Lady—"Oh conductor, please stop the train I dropped my wig out of the window."

Conductor—"Never mind, madam, there is a switch just this side of the next station."

* * * *

She—"My, it's hot, I believe I'll take off my coat."

He—"I'll follow suit."

She—"I think your coat will do."

* * * *

As the tooth paste said to the tooth brush, "Pinch me, kid, and I'll meet you outside the tube."

* * * *

Stuart—"Here comes a plucky girl."

Parks—"How do you know."

Stuart—"Look at her eye brows."

* * * *

Fair Lady (in music store)—"Say mister, have you, "Baby Dreams"?"

Kute Clerk—"No, but I have, "Winning Ways"!"

* * * *

Professor—"What is ordinarily used as a conductor of electricity?"

Senior—"Why er-r—"

Professor—"Correct. Now tell me what is the unit of electrical power."

Senior—"The what, Sir?"

Professor—"That will do, very good."

* * * *

Latest Books

"Whiskers"—by Y. Barbara Mann.

"Desert Sands"—by Baron Wastes.

"Treasure Cove"—by Count De Kale.

"How to Keep from Drowning"—by Lord Helpus.

"How to Dive"—by Bell E. Flopper.
 "The Irish Free State"—by Emma Raldile.
 "The Lady and the Osteopath"—Willie Duer Good.
 "Painless Dentistry"—by G. Howitt Hertz.
 "The Dog Catcher"—by Fuller Fleas.
 "Dr. Cone's System"—by Otto Suggestion.
 "Hard Headedness"—by C. Ment. Block.
 "The Ford"—by Izzitani Otto Mobile.

* * * *

"I saw a negro funeral to-day, and behind the hearse walked a number of mourners with pails."

"Why the pails?"

"Going blackberrying."

* * * *

"How do you like the refinery?"

"It soots me alright!"

* * * *

She—"What would you do if a girl dared you to carry her upstairs?"

He—"I'd be inclined to take her up."

* * * *

"That girl is so innocent she should start going to the gym."

"Why so?"

"So she could get on to the ropes."

* * * *

Barely—"Fellows, who do you think is doing the most for the morals of the youth?"

Brush—"The editor of La Vie Parisienne. He's still having the magazine printed in French."

* * * *

"At first Alice wouldn't say whether she loved me or not."

"And did you succeed in making her tell?"

"Yes, I finally squeezed it out of her."

* * * *

SQUASH

Object—To brain as many bald-headed men as possible.

Implements—Black-jacks, baseball bats, bricks, rocks, and missiles in general. Fire arms are prohibited, although in some circles sling-shots are conceded to be quite the thing.

Method of Procedure—Contestants must shout "Squash" immediately upon sighting a bald head. Then attempt to bring the glazed surface into a close proximity with the pavement or floor by a skilful and dexterous use of the specified implements.

Score—First man to land on the pate is immediately awarded five points. Contestant scoring the actual knock-out automatically has twenty-five points and wins the game. Last participant to strike the smooth surface is penalized ten and pays for the funeral expenses.

As can be readily seen, this amusement has fascinating possibilities and is ideally suited to the artistico-aesthetic nature of the people at large. However, it must be admitted in all fairness that the sport has one serious drawback, namely, that the police are likely to appear at any moment.

* * * *

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DRINKING FOUNTAINS

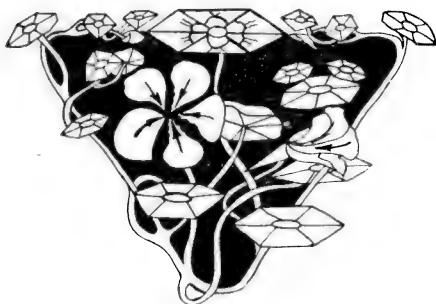
If Emile Cone came to our town,
 And paced the sidewalks up and down,
 And thought himself to see our school

Our staff, our gyms, our swimming pool,
 He'd know full well that to the letter
 Our school was getting better and better.
 And what if he should chance to think
 His parched throat required a drink,
 From climbing stairs in our shrine
 And stalling lest he break the line!
 I fear that even Emile Coue
 Would do the thing we cannot do,
 And hie him to a drinking place
 Where many a "stude" has swamped his face
 And drinking his fill of Adam's ale
 Without the fear of going to jail.
 In winter, summer, spring, or fall,
 He'll hand us all the water can—
 That modest, smiling, little man.

—G. I. Tryditt.

And Emile answers, "Even so!
 But how did G. I. Tryditt know
 That even men like I must drink?
 And students too, to rightly think,
 Must have the odd, wee draft of ale
 To keep their minds from getting stale.
 The boys and girls in Alma Mater
 Must have water, water, water;
 And he who breaks the chain to drink
 May rightly be a missing link.
 But even so, dear editor,
 What are the marble fountains for
 If we must pass them every time
 And never dare to break the line?
 The plumber's bills were far too high,
 To taunt you with what you can't buy.
 So I auto-suggest, my friend,
 That to attain your cherished end
 A thermos bottle on the hip
 Would quench the thirst and wet the lip."

—M. L. Coo.



Autograph Page

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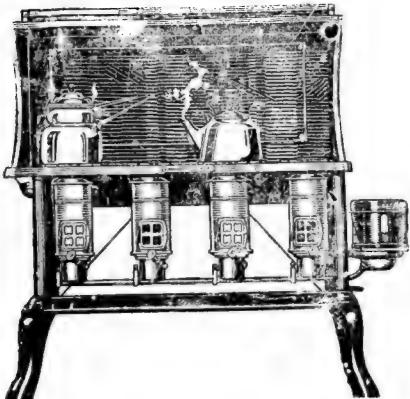
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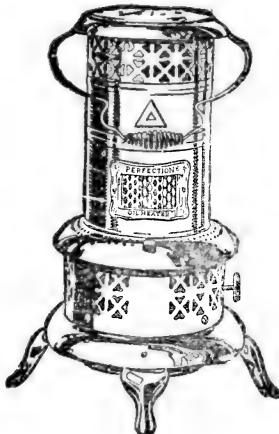
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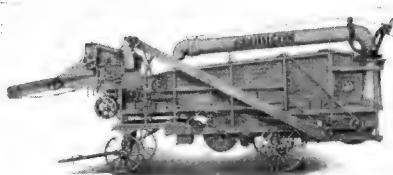
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* * * *

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